

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1919

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MIRROR

IN THIS ISSUE

A Blind-Staggered World

Italy Bolts the Conference

Shall We Assume the Allies' Debts?

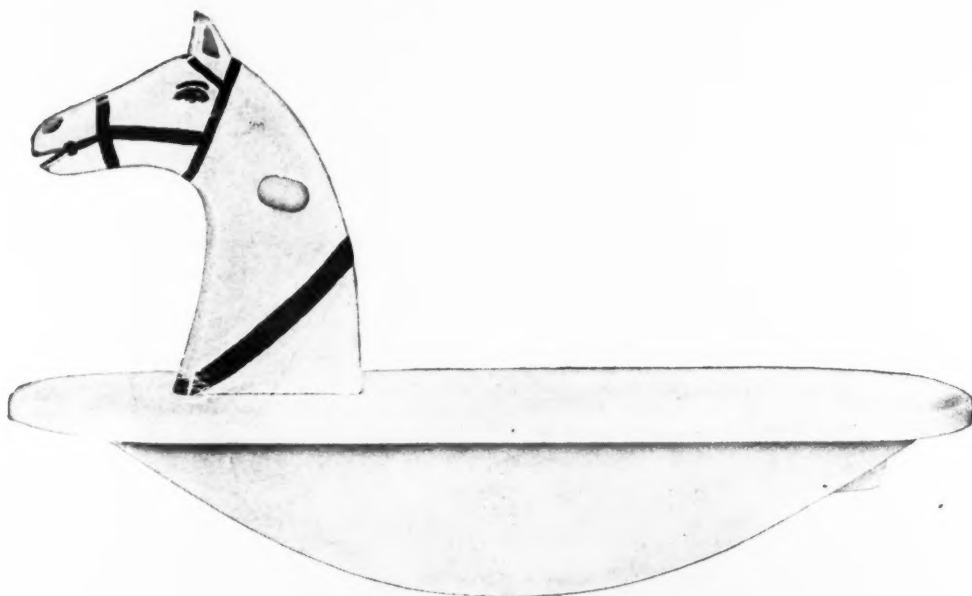
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by the Editor

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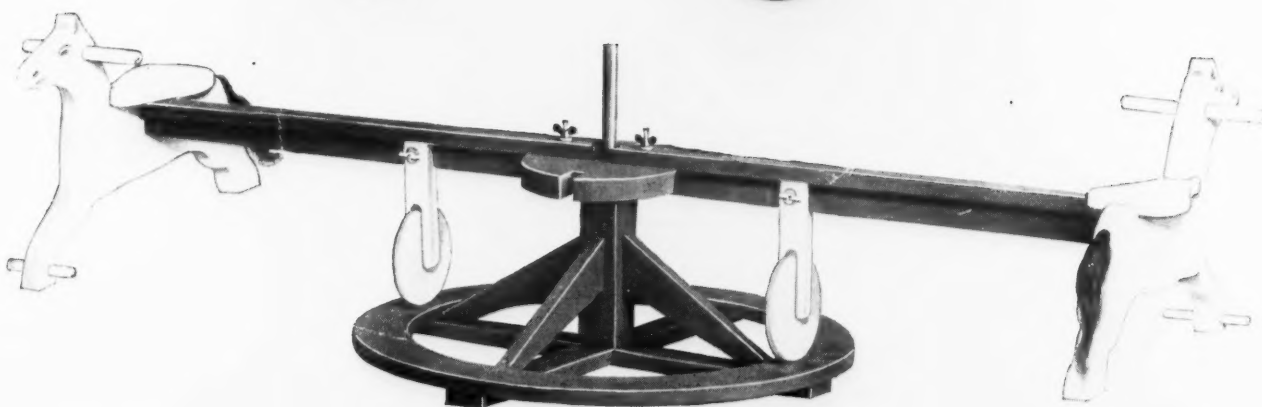


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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

CONTENTS

A BLIND-STAGGERED WORLD: By William Marion Reedy	663
REFLECTIONS: Italy Bolts the Conference—The Theater Hold-Up—More Extortion—A Peace Embargo—How Mr. Gompers Gimps—How It Looks to Me—A False Hope—The Democrats Scheming—Rockefeller's Bounty—Great Britain's Ambassador—Shall We Assume the Allies' Debts?—The Barrymores in "The Jest"—"The Moon and Sixpence"—A New Luminary—The Passing of Bok: By William Marion Reedy	664
TRADE LAST: By Eunice Tietjens	670
WOMEN VOTERS IN 1920: By Frank Putnam.....	671
LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE: A Patriot's Plea.....	673
THE HOUSING SHORTAGE: By John J. Murphy.....	674
TOWARDS NEW HORIZONS.....	675
MARTS AND MONEY	677
COMING SHOWS	679
NEW BOOKS RECEIVED	676

A Blind-Staggered World

By William Marion Reedy

THE president's illness has supervened on the general industrial and political situation in a way to poultice acrimony with consideration. Not that the public considers him the martyr his enthusiastic supporters would make him out to be, but that everyone begins to see him as only a human being and neither the god nor the monster he has been represented in the national debate over his league of nations proposal.

The strike is put up to him and his commission, but it is doubtful if the issue will be disposed of satisfactorily. The adjudication will be a compromise. Judge Gary agreed to take on the strike with promise of general support by the employing elements, and to bring the labor issue to a show-down. He has this advantage, that the administration is understood to be determined that violence will be repressed. The President's utterances condemning the police strikes were a disappointment to labor agitators, a word that they were going too far. The statement of the steel workers' organizer, John Fitzpatrick, that only one-fifth of the men were unionists, the exposure of the syndicalism of Secretary W. Z. Foster, and now the outbreak of the mob spirit in Omaha, where rioters attempted to lynch the mayor for protecting prisoners, all combine to make opinion in favor of anything to repress the tendency towards direct action as a remedy for social ills. The steel strike seems to be lost, but there is no telling in what manner general industrial discontent may develop out of the present conditions. No one knows how many or how great strikes may hang fire pending action by the President's commission.

The railway strike in England—but curiously not in Ireland, where a strike would seem to be a tool fitted to Sinn Feiner hands—is not quenching but only banking the fires of unrest here. That strike is distinctly against the government and as such encourages radical laborites here. If it stimulates the sympathies of the American workers it also serves to give pointers to the American government upon the way to deal with a nation-wide strike. We shall probably discover that the government is in as good a state of preparedness for trouble as was the Steel Corporation.

The more one thinks of the conditions in both countries the more one doubts that conciliation will bring permanent peace. Both the President and Lloyd George have conciliated abundantly, but they have only postponed a joining of the issues in a final conflict of proportions terrifying to contemplate. The time for placebos is nearing an end. And if I am any judge of the lay of the land, the people, as distinct from classes, are desirous of something more than stop-gap arrangements. Without endorsing the attitude, I may say that the people at large would be more at ease if

they had more faith in both Mr. Wilson and Lloyd George, both of them odd blends of idealist and opportunist. What the people look for is some settlement other than wage concessions, something looking toward nationalization or democratization of industry, the Plumb plan as to railroads here, a free land policy, a capital levy, and so forth. That any such things will come out of the President's commission's deliberations is improbable if not impossible. No one has a policy, it seems, except the President, and his policy is somewhat vague.

Beyond question the prolongation of the gabfest about the league of nations is not soothing social soreness here. That there is to be a similar jawing match in France on the subject is no betterment. But Clemenceau is willing to accept reservations that will call the peace conference together to amend the treaty so as to provide for the absolute disarmament of Germany, and this should be a tip to President Wilson to recede from his position of all or nothing. With so many elements casting doubt upon the intelligence and the integrity of governments, the engendering of disorder is to be expected. While the politicians prate the masses suffer from the high cost of living, the profiteers flourish and the war after the war, saving for the loss of life, is worse than the clash of arms.

Business is suffering from the treaty delay. Everybody feels that ninety per cent of the fight on the treaty is sheer politics and hatred of Mr. Wilson personally. If the President is too subtle, the senatorial opposition is believed to be insincere and so we have a general dissatisfaction with government under the old order. It is no wonder that there is wide and deep desire for a change. Thus discontent spreads and public opinion is a swirling chaos. Action definitive on the treaty and the league seems to be the first necessary step towards a social mollification. In so far as the President's illness seems to bring definitive nearer action to the treaty, it is a great boon. The President and the Senate can then abandon the saving of the world and devote their abilities to saving society in this country.

In short, the one thing needful is to end the great war. We should get out of Russia, and there is no popular mandate for war upon Italy. The President might well leave Fiume and the Dalmatian littoral to the decision of the allies. There is a growing feeling that perhaps while the conference was fiddling at Paris, Germany won the war. All the reports now indicate that she is recuperating marvelously, that she manufactured extensively during the war and has plenty of goods to export, that she is commercially entrenched in Russia, in the Balkans and even in Persia, that Noske has an army of two million men which he works in and out of service to conceal its strength, that there is less incipient revolution

there than in England, France and Italy, and that her workers are working while other workers are striking. A dealer in optical instruments in New York told me the other day that he had an offer of goods in that line—the best in the world—at pre-war prices and on six months' credit. The new states as well as the older European states can do nothing against German aggressiveness without our aid. English manufacturers are already complaining about consignments from Germany. The recuperation of the enemy proceeds while the people associated in the war show signs of disintegration. "You will not have to wait two years," says a noted American in Switzerland, "to have demonstrated the truth that Germany's agents have penetrated as far as India and have vast stores of manufactures heaped up in Spain and Switzerland. Germany is united as never before and Prussia is in control of Bavaria and all the South German states and all her men are getting back to work. She will reorganize Europe as her own market and shape it to her heart's desire. The delay of the Paris conference plays into her hands; so does delay in ratifying the treaty. All Europe is disorganized, except Germany, and the strikes in the United States show the same condition there."

American business men know and feel this and they are pressing for action upon the treaty, for ratification in fact. The president sees the spread of confusion worse founded and fears the consequences. It is thought by some well-informed people that Viscount Grey has come over here to make easy the way to a compromise on the treaty, for no statesman of the world has as much faith in the treaty as Mr. Wilson has. The best thing they say of it is that it is a good thing if it will work. The emphasis is on the "if." When we reflect that the Republican senatorial opposition is playing for time, no less than the administration forces, and that the foes of the President do not want to wreck the treaty wholly, it is plain that the outcome must be adoption with reservations. Wrecking the treaty means international as well as domestic pandemonium. While the treaty and the league are up in the air we shall have duplications of the D'Annunzio stunt at Fiume, one of them probably at Dantzig, and a general demonstration against authority and the *status quo* here.

The administration can do much for domestic quiet by stopping the third degree treatment of the minor radical press, by amnesty to political prisoners, by stopping profiteering instead of encouraging it through acting on the theory that profits don't matter so long as the government takes the greater part of them. Secretary Baker is freeing the conscientious objectors but there should be pardon too for Gene Debs, Rose Pastor Stokes, Kate Richards O'Hare and others. There is need to clear away the war machinery for enforcing conformity. It must be done if we are not to have multiplication of irreconcilables ranging in motive from the pro-Germans and Irish-American protestants against Article X to the syndicalists who want to destroy the wage system and indeed the whole social system.

The senatorial debate delays dealing with the labor problem and both pro- and anti-Leaguers are blamed for the delay. "Too much politics," says the man in the street, and politics stands in the way of peace, here and abroad. With our debate protracted much longer and the French debate stretched out for several weeks, as is now anticipated, discontent and unrest must increase. My informant from Switzerland says there will be

a revolution in France at the dissolution of the peace conference. H. M. Hyndman hesitates to say what he expects and fears in England. Italy is thoroughly bolshevized and no one knows what is brewing here. Peace is the thing desired and then the settling of the epileptic world upon its feet. This country will have to help the nations of Europe, provided Europe can help itself, but it cannot help itself if it does not go to work. Germany has got sober, apparently; the remainder of the world is still drunk with a war hangover. My opinion is that most Americans believe that the ratification of the peace treaty is the first remedy and they will accept the league of nations as if not the best at least the only medicine available and are ready to try Doctor Wilson's prescription, with its suggestion of faith-cure, for this country's and the world's case of blind-staggers.



Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Italy Bolts the Conference

ITALY votes to incorporate Fiume with national boundaries; that is, the Chambers of Deputies voted, the press and people applying. And what of the supreme council at Paris? Italy defies it in this affair. She invites war with Jugo-Slavia, and enmity of all the powers, by flouting them. D'Annunzio draws officers and soldiers to his support and will continue to do so until the Government suppresses him. If the Allies do not force Italy to surrender Fiume they make the conference and the League too, a joke. But maybe they don't want to humiliate Italy, who claims that she won the war by abandoning Germany and Austria-Hungary at its beginning and that she has had no compensation. If Italy can take Fiume in spite of the supreme council what may not other nations do in like fashion? If the council does not coerce Italy the League of Nations will be discredited before it is inaugurated.

Italy has not formally ratified the Treaty and the League of Nations. Is there any power to make Italy let go? There is no League of Nations yet. Could the League act against Italy if it were in existence? Not if Italy held out against such action, for the covenant says such action must be by unanimous vote. No more can the League do anything for Egypt, India, Ireland or for China in the case of Shantung, for there would always be one dissentient power. It is clear Italy will not accept any decision by President Wilson that deprives her of Fiume. The situation created by the novelist D'Annunzio shows the League will be only a debating society and self determination for small nations can be assured only when the great nations signatory are so liberalized that they will voluntarily relinquish rule over protesting dependencies.

Still and for all it would be well to try the League, such as it is, as a substitute for and successor of the old Hague tribunal, for its one indisputable virtue of providing for a nine months' discussion on any difference between nations, and therefore probably an indefinite postponement of resort to war. It is evident that Italy is in favor of the League of Nations only with reservations. France wants reservations too. Why then cannot Woodrow Wilson accept reservations? And what will the supreme council do if the Italian people in a referendum sustain the deputies and D'Annunzio?

The Theatre Hold-Up

THE theatrical managers, chastened but not subdued by the successful strike of the actors, are passing the buck to the public. Theatre tickets to the better shows—that is, the shows that the managers think better—are advanced from two dollars, and two dollars and a half to three and three and a half. These prices are independent of the amusement tax and the scalpers will put on at least fifty cents more. Thus will the managers make up what the strike forced them to pay for actors' time at rehearsal and for the added expense of a living wage for the chorus girls. New York will stand for it, I suppose. It has stood for the dollar and two dollar ticket to the movies, and the graft of the ushers who will take a quarter to let you pass the ropes to a seat. It has borne with the ticket scalpers for years, and the scalpers could not scalp without co-operation by the managers. We need waste no sympathy on New York. What should worry the rest of us is that the managers throughout the country will follow suit and boost prices similarly for the number two and number three companies on the road with New York "successes." As an indication of the degradation of theatricals—and incidentally of public taste—the newspapers announce the price raise as an advance towards "Follies" prices along Broadway. The vulgar and salacious "Follies" are the standard of theatrical merit. So at the successful show in Gotham your ticket will be often as high as four dollars. You can't take your girl to a show in proper form, taxi, supper, flowers and all for much less than fifteen dollars. With the Metropolitan Opera seats at six and seven dollars, an evening with the singers will cost Edwin and Angelina at least a double eagle. The high cost of courtship mounts apace. When will the poor old price-bedevilled public go on strike against its pecuniary persecutors?



More Extortion

WORSE and more of it is the hold up of the Gothamite fall mover. October 1st was moving day. The renter hegirists awoke on that day to an ultimatum from the movers. Three vans and three crews to cost about one hundred and fifty dollars. One man and one crew for poorer folk to cost more than one-third of that. Fine business for the rent profiteers too. What tenant will not pay increased rent rather than such increase for moving? It is no longer cheaper to move than to pay rent, but there will be no end to rent increase under any device yet attempted by the authorities to stop it. The landlord rapacity indicates that many people hereabouts will have to live in city supplied tents in the parks, because rents are beyond their means.

There is a way to prevent this thing. Take all taxes off buildings and shift it upon land values. This will promote building on all the vacant land in the city. Building will be cheap and unused land too expensive to keep idle. Soon there would be houses and apartments for all at all times and no moving day rush to justify the movers in raising prices outrageously. When will the people "see the cat?"



A Peace Embargo

BRITAIN'S railway strike has brought on a peace embargo. The British Isles are as well blockaded as the British navy has blockaded Russia. The people are on rations—two ounces of butter per person for a week, a spoonful of coal, and so forth. Vessels cannot leave the ports for lack of coal and this country's

shipping board has cancelled all sailings of our vessels to these ports in order to avoid congestion and bunkering difficulties. England is in a state of siege. Her workers have done to her what German submarines could not accomplish. The railway union wars on all England.

Other big unions may join the railway union in the strike. England's workers are ninety per cent unionized. Will our United States be tempted to imitate England's? Ours are but ten per cent unionized, therefore much less powerful. What is the answer? It is that everybody is stronger than anybody and any attempt at the rule of the proletariat among Anglo-Saxons must fail. England may get a Labor government out of its gigantic strike, but a Labor government would not be strike-proof and the end of strike rule must be anarchy, with the man on horseback or behind the machine gun ending that. All for labor, of course, but there can be labor tyranny also. The remedy is to make the land an open shop by destroying the chief of all closed shops, land monopoly. That's the square deal that will end strikes by first ending the sweating of everybody through private ownership of land on any other basis than use thereof.



How Mr. Gompers Gumps

It seems to me the unions have lost the steel strike. John Fitzpatrick's admission that it was called with only 100,000 of the 500,000 steel workers organized shows that the tail was trying to wag the dog. Their Secretary W. Z. Foster's Bolshevism as expressed in his book of a dozen or more years ago was of bad effect. American labor is not Bolshevik; that's plain. There is no lech for revolution here, and socialism is more vocally than numerically strong. Gompers had the situation sized up more correctly than Fitzpatrick and held off because he was not itching for a licking. He went as far as he could in saying Gary's refusal to confer with the unions was the cause of the strike. This was diplomacy in a difficult situation. Fitzpatrick went off half-cocked. He thought he seized the psychological moment, but he had not the necessary force, and besides if Gary was wrong in refusing to deal with the unions, the unions were wrong in refusing to postpone the strike at the President's request until his conference on October 6th could consider the matter. Gompers was with the President. It is undoubtedly true that influences antagonistic to our part in the war were all for the strike. The agitation was more socialist than unionist. And Secretary Foster's printed Bolshevism defined the condition in the steel workers' ranks as a split between Americans and foreigners, with the latter the more radical. With but one-fifth of the steel workers unionized the strike couldn't win, and without the majority out in the fight there was no chance to make the strike general. Gompers saw all this and held back.

The developments of the strike have squelched the labor opposition to Gompers for a time. That opposition was deceived into believing that old Sam was on the toboggan. It read the fulminations against him in the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, the *Dial*, the *Public* and the *Liberator*, and thought there was a landslide against him, because the *intelligentsia* were up on their hind legs and "hollering." The *intelligentsia* have no union cards. They haven't any or many union readers. They wanted a Labor party here, with a program like that of the Labor party in Great Britain—possibly because they thought they could break in and lead it. Gompers tried to defeat

a dozen or two candidates for congress some years ago. They were men who had opposed Labor. They were from districts in all parts of the country. The Federation branded them for slaughter, called on all its members to concentrate their strength against these men, regardless of party. The Federationists went forth against those men with the cry "Unfair!" They helped any man Republican or Democrat who was against one of the branded. They had lots of enthusiasm and plenty of funds. Then—what a wallop Labor got! It didn't defeat a single one of its "marks," if I remember aright. There was the result of political action for you. The opinion of the country as I got it at that time was that the country and Labor itself were not for political action. Sporadically Labor does, now and then beat someone, but it never elects anybody except when other conditions contribute the greater part of the strength. Labor leaders cannot deliver the goods. They did not deliver for the Democrats in the last congressional election. They did not deliver for Wilson in 1916. He was beaten in the larger industrial states, for all he had done for the workers. No wonder that Sam Gompers couldn't see the Labor party idea with John Fitzpatrick of Illinois and James Maurer of Pennsylvania. Everybody who has been trying for ten years to "roll" Gompers from the presidency of the Federation was for the new party of the *intelligentsia*, and for this aborted steel strike. The *intelligentsia* is socialistic and the socialist union men were all, at best, lukewarm to the war and are now opposed to the peace—even that good old giant of the Seamen's Union, Andrew Furuseth of San Francisco. The Germanic element in the unions were antagonistic to Gompers "the English Jew." The other foreigners were against him too, because he would "have no truck with" socialist conferences including Germans and Russians at Stockholm or at Berne. He wasn't for dividing things up and he fought the I. W. W. tooth and nail. As it turns out it seems that most union laborites were with him. And he held back and let the precipitate radicals butt their heads against a stone wall.

It is significant that Gompers has not declared for the Plumb plan of running the railroads. He was reported as doing so, from Paris, but he repudiated the cabled interview. Frank Morrisson, the Federation secretary, is for it. So are the Brotherhood leaders. But until Gompers gumps it seems likely that the Federation will remain uncommitted. For the Plumb plan, in Gompers' view, is politics, and Gompers thinks unionism's function is to keep up wages and improve working conditions, leaving politics alone. His position is strengthened now that John Fitzpatrick says the strikers are willing to let President Wilson arbitrate between them and Judge Gary. That is what Gompers and President Wilson wanted before the strike was called.

Now the situation is up to Gary. Will he refuse to leave the matter to arbitration by the President? If he still says there is nothing to arbitrate he will be in the wrong. Can the Steel Trust tell the President to mind his own business? It can—at its peril. On that issue Gompers will be against Gary and so too will be public opinion. The steel workers' question will come up before the President's conference with the railroad workers and the miners' question. The President has spoken for democratization of industry. If the conference decides for that, then maybe Gompers will come in, but not for profit sharing only, with the employers parceling out the profits as admirals used to divide prize money sifting it through a ladder and giving the sailors only

what stuck to the rungs, while the officers took all that fell through. It seems that Gompers has the Labor situation well in hand. I have heard it said that his hobnobbing with premiers, presidents, kings, generalissimos, etc., has turned his head. They say he loves to talk of "when I dined with Lloyd George," and "when I was the guest of Foch" and "as Clemenceau said to me at luncheon." It is intimated that he has been seduced as British Labor men in Parliament are led astray by attending levees at Buckingham palace. It is even said he has "an evening suit." Next we may hear he has gone to court in silken knee breeches and a sword—and of course some other garments. He is getting his criticism—especially from the socialists. But he keeps on in his course, though perhaps he'd feel better if some of the plutes would not speak so well of him. Now, I've known Gompers for a long time and I know that personally he's more than a unionist. He is a single taxpayer who got the truth direct from Henry George when the two used to ride the bicycle together on the roads outside Brooklyn. That's why he can't be a "socialist raw-head-and-bloody-bones," or a Graham Wallas, Sydney and Beatrice Webb Fabian or a *New Republic* Felix Frankfurter *Zeitungs*-ist and that's why he's a unionist who says that the way to better things economically is to increase production. No one can convince me that Sam Gompers is swelled up by his adventurers in high society. To be sure he is older than he was and ginger is not as hot i' the mouth as it was. His case is much that of the song

King Solomon and King David
Led very merry lives
With a good supply of lady friends
And a plenitude of wives.

But soon the merry years passed on
And with a many qualms:
King Solomon wrote Proverbs
King David wrote the Psalms.

Still there's many a good fight in the old boy yet, and the inside of that spot-thatched head is not taken up with convolutions of soured spaghetti. The Federation of Labor responds to his hand, and the world outside believes that it is he keeps Labor from capture by the rabid communists. He has, therefore, more than organized labor with him, even if the intellectuals are "ferninst" him. And maybe when American labor to the extent of ninety per cent is unionized as British labor is, then Gompers will be ready for a Labor party with a program bottomed upon the principle that the way to increase wages and production is by the destruction of land monopoly. Which last phrase makes me wonder how many single taxpayers there are to be on the President's conference committee which meets next week in Washington. For the wages and production question is but a symptom of the land question—and Woodrow Wilson knows it. *Selah!*



How It Looks to Me

I DON'T think the President is or was as ill as reported from Kansas City, though doubtless he was tired from his talking tour. It is my opinion that the President came to the conclusion that the treaty and covenant were safe; that there was more smoke than fire in the opposition; that the public is with him and that it will support him if he should recall the document and hang it up indefinitely or until he can be sure of a Senate that will agree with him. At least he expects now nothing worse than some reservations of interpretations that will make the obvious more obvious. Certainly there is to be no defection from the

administration ranks such as has been predicted. Reed, Gore and Thomas are about all that will forsake the party and Thomas will not go as far as Reed in opposition. Mr. Arthur D. Howden Smith, a trustworthy correspondent of the *New York Globe*, says flatly that the treaty with mild reservations will get seventy-four votes, which is an excess of ten over the number necessary, and he prints the roll-call on the vote. Something has happened in the opposition camp to take the "pep" out of it. The President fighting single handed against the elder statesmen has rather caught the country—at least he is not as unpopular as he was, now that he has shown himself a scrapper. There's much *ad captandum* in his declaration that the pro-Germans are strong in the fight on the peace, but anyone who had knowledge about pro-Germans during the war, will find out, if he looks it up, that they are all against the peace. This does not mean that all who are against the treaty and league are pro-Germans. I think the labor crisis is forcing opinion to support the treaty. And the country is tired of the gabfest. They want the thing settled, and other public business attended to. Nobody is going to be converted one way or the other now. Every senator's mind was made up long ago. The demand of the public now is: "Vote! Vote!"

What of Ireland and India and Egypt and Shantung? They can still be fought for after the treaty is ratified. They will have a better show under a league with us in it, than in one with us out of it. For there will be a league even if we stay out, and in such a league a fat chance the smaller nations will have. Little chance though they will have under the covenant, they will have none at all without it. This I think is the opinion that has come to prevail and the Senate is beginning to feel its pressure. The business pressure is strongest of all, and the panic talk of revolution helps it, for the so-called revolutionaries are all anti-Leaguers, and that solidifies the *bourgeoisie* on the other side. To be frank, I think the treaty will be ratified with but mild reservations. Not that I think it is a good treaty all through, for I don't. Not that I think it embodies the fourteen points. But neither do I think it makes us surrender our sovereignty to a super state. We are still the master of our fate, the captain of our soul. I simply say I think the treaty will be ratified with such reservations as the President will accept. And finally I think the world would have been as well off if it had gone along under those thirty peace treaties for arbitration while resort to arms was to be delayed for a year, which were negotiated by Mr. William Jennings Bryan when he was Secretary of State. If I were a prudent person I wouldn't venture this opinion, but I'm not. Senators like Lodge and Penrose and Smoot and others are prudent and they won't try to go to the extreme of smashing the treaty. They will accept mild reservations. Now let us await the event.

NEW YORK, September 29.



A False Hope

THAT veteran journalist Julius Chambers, discoverer of the source of the Mississippi, gave me a great shock the other day. He had discovered something else of almost as much liquid importance, and the honor of this later discovery will not be filched from him as was that other by Capt. Willard Glazier who wrote "Down the Great River." Mr. Chambers found in the course of some historical research that when the Louisiana Territory was ceded to us under Jefferson by Napoleon, there was a clause in the document which provided for the free admission to

the region ceded of French wines and brandies forever. "Now," said Mr. Chambers, "go back and bid your people of the Territory to be not cast down but to lift up their hearts, for that treaty clause means that while the people out there may not have beer or booze under prohibition they can have their brandy and soda without limit and they can wallow at their will in champagne. For a treaty is part of the supreme law of the land and that treaty has never been repealed. The brandy and wine provision still stands in the states carved out of the Territory." Much more and eloquent did Mr. Chambers set forth, and for a few brief hours methought I had tidings of great joy to bear home. But alas, the adoption of the prohibition amendment to the constitution repeals everything in that instrument or in any treaties or statutes inconsistent therewith. I do not think that we can be favored with freedom to drink brandies and wine above the people of other sections of the country. But if we could be, what a thing it would be for us! St. Louis would be that great world city which L. U. Reavis visioned when he wrote St. Louis the "Future Great City of the World," somewhere in the seventies. He was going to have the capital moved there from Washington. River improvement was to make St. Louis another London. At the country's very center the town was to be the heart of culture with scores of universities. Colonel Reavis didn't foresee prohibition, but if he had and if he had seen that the Purchase Treaty would cancel the prohibition amendment he would have pictured for us a region to which the nation's thirsty would repair in such numbers that the population soon would be as dense as now it is in New York City. With prohibition everywhere but in the Territory states the attraction of population would be as resistless almost as if all taxes on everything but land values were abolished. Nobody would leave but the prohibitionists, and that would not cast a gloom over those who remained, and we should all be singing, in whatever corresponds to "high-piping Pehlivi," of "Wine, Wine, Wine!" And we'd each have a Thou beside him in what would be anything but a wilderness and certainly, even without the book of verses underneath the bough but with a loaf of bread, a paradise enow. Too bad that Mr. Julius Chambers is not right in his deductions. He meant well for us, as did Jefferson and Napoleon but the horrid old *Zeitgeist* has knocked them all out and the breweries are closed and cobwebs swing in the courts where Jamschyd gloried and drank deep. Mr. Chambers put his discovery into his daily column of "Walks and Talks" in the *Brooklyn Eagle*. I hope that this will not mean the depopulation of Brooklyn, through an hegira to our West. No: the people will not come our way in search of free and unlimited aesophagic lubrication. They will go to Cuba where there isn't any prohibition—to Cuba where a man can quench a thirst and bet on a horse race or a jai alai game without being liable to arrest, fine and imprisonment. At Havana is to be the City of Delight.

Just after meeting Mr. Chambers I ran into the Hon. Frederick Upham Adams, universally known by his sobriquet—accent on the "sobr"—of Griz, and told him about the Chambers discovery. "An *ignis fatuus*," said Mr. Adams, "a false dawn, a false alarm, a bum steer! Havana is the happy home of the man who wants to drink. Let me show you something!" And here Mr. Adams drew from his pocket plans, blue prints and specifications for a new hotel to be erected on the Malecon at a cost of \$3,000,000 of which he himself had already

subscribed \$3. Havana is to be the Monte Carlo of the New World. A bigger city than Geneva when it shall be the capital of the League of Nations. Horse-racing, bull-fighting, prize fights, lotteries, faro, poker, keno—all the old delights of the live one, and no Anti-Saloon League or anything like that to interfere with the play of life under the motto of Rabelais' Abbey of Theleine, "Do What Thou Wilt." But again alas! We have a suzerainty over Cuba. The day will come when the dry blanket will be spread there. There is no hope. We must resign ourselves to Thirst immitigable.



The Democrats Scheming

I SEE that the Democratic National Committee has been meeting at Atlantic City. Holding an ante-mortem, as someone puts it. It wants a campaign fund of \$10,000,000 for next year. Maybe the packers and other profiteers will put it up. They should do so as a thank-offering. They have been permitted to make all the profit they pleased on the theory that the government would get it in taxes. The result is the high cost of living. The government has still to tax the rest of us and the packers and others take all the traffic will bear, and Herbert Hoover thinks we should not rigorously or vigorously interfere with them. However, it's \$10,000,000 the Democrats need, and Barney Baruch is the boy to get it for them. All he has to do is to meander into Wall Street and hold out his hat and the cash will be forthcoming. But—there is always a but—Democrats like W. J. Bryan and his brother Charles, and Joe Folk, and other train-robber Democrats, like Roger Sullivan and Tom Taggart want to be sure that Financial Director Jamieson won't spend the money raised by Barney Baruch to nominate crown prince McAdoo for the presidency. They think that some of the present deficit in the funds is due to expenditure in behalf of McAdoo rather than in behalf of the party and so a set of experts is going over the books. The stroke at McAdoo is, of course, a blow at Woodrow Wilson. It shows that there is protest against the president's controlling the next convention and delivering the nomination to his son-in-law.

National Committeeman Arthur F. Mullen proposed that the committee change the nomination rule in the convention in such manner that a candidate for President will be nominated by a majority vote instead of a two-thirds vote. Note that Mr. Mullen comes from Nebraska, the home and haunt of Mr. Bryan. Recall also that if the majority system had been in effect in 1912 the Democratic nominee would have been Champ Clark, who had 556 of the 1,088 votes on the tenth ballot, when Mr. Wilson had only 350½ votes. Remember that it was Mr. Bryan who took entire charge of the convention at this stage and finally brought about the nomination of Wilson, chiefly by denouncing Tammany. Don't you see that to attack the two-thirds rule is to blaspheme the Providence that gave us Wilson? When a Nebraskan proposes such action how can we help supposing that Mr. Bryan has looked upon his work, found it not good and repents? But for that rule Champ Clark might be champion of all the things Mr. Wilson champions. The rule, however, cannot be changed by the committee. That can only be done by the convention. The committee may or may not recommend it. But there is another proposed reform that should go with this. The unit rule, under which state delegations vote as a unit as the majority in a poll of the delegation may

decide. This rule gives the machine an advantage. The committee is the machine. It is not likely to throw away its power to control.

Of course at a national committee meeting there is always talk of candidates. You'll not believe it, but I actually heard that one wing of the Bryan family thinks it might be a good thing to nominate Joseph W. Folk for president. This will be of interest in Missouri. Of equal interest may be the further assertion that both the Bryans think James A. Reed of Missouri would be a formidable contender for the nomination, should the peace treaty be rejected. One of the Bryans looks more favorably than the other upon the possible candidacy of Mitchell Palmer, attorney general, from Pennsylvania. I didn't hear that there was much talk in favor of the nomination of Secretary of War Baker. But my information from a man close to the big-wigs of the committee, told me there was a strong sentiment in favor of the nomination of Governor Cox of Ohio. James Cox his name is. Ohio likes the name Cox. A Republican, George Cox, bossed Cincinnati and, to some extent, the state for many years until Taft overthrew him by repudiating him. The Ohio-man superstition still prevails—in Ohio. Democratic politicians think the Republicans may nominate Senator Harding of Ohio for president, and therefore it would be a good idea to put up an Ohio man against him. Baker and Brand Whitlock are Ohio men, but too Wilsonian for the practical committeemen. No more rampageous idealist for them. Once was enough; too much in fact. Therefore, if it must be an Ohio man, Cox is he. I hear that Cox has been a good, clean governor of Ohio. The Bryans "have nothing agin' him." I have told before that Mr. W. J. Bryan will ask a platform plank binding the nominee if elected to stay at home and not go gallivanting abroad to save the world, but the editor of the *Commoner* says in the latest issue of that paper, that the League of Nations will get through the Senate with some slight reservations. Exactly what Democrats like Roger Sullivan, Tom Taggart, Charles F. Murphy want of the next convention has not been disclosed. Surely they don't want a plank either for the Plumb plan or for Mr. Bryan's modification thereof to conserve states' rights in public ownership of railroads. They can't want Mitchell Palmer, who's somewhat of a prohibitionist, for presidential nominee. McAdoo isn't to their liking either. I don't think he is agreeable to the high financial powers who lost money in some ventures of his prior to his appointment as Secretary of the Treasury, Director General of the Railroads and several other offices. So I reckon they are willing to consider Governor Cox of Ohio. At Atlantic City some committeemen wondered what Hearst was going to do. He is nominally a Democrat but bitter against Wilson. He controls half a dozen papers in as many states and can make a lot of trouble for anyone he doesn't like. He is fairly friendly with W. J. Bryan, but he is in cordial co-operation with Senator Reed and he is most amicably disposed towards Champ Clark. Hearst cannot be ignored.

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Rockefeller's Bounty

ENCOURAGED, no doubt, by Judge Chester Harding Krum's most appreciative review in the *MIRROR* of the latest report of the work of the Rockefeller Foundation, the Founder announced last Saturday a gift of \$20,000,000 to be devoted to medical education, the income to be currently used and the

entire principal to be distributed within fifty years for that purpose. Now most people think of that twenty millions only as cash. It is no such thing. It is control of \$20,000,000 worth of service from other people and much of it is such control represented in land values and natural resources. That is—most of it is ours—not yours or mine or Mr. Rockefeller's, but ours. So why be super-grateful for getting back our own? And yet, if the Christian Scientists, thought curists and others will pardon me for saying so, twenty millions for medical education is a good thing. I'm not ready to rotten-egg Mr. Rockefeller and howl "Tainted Money!" I do believe that we could be free of the need of a lot of medical education if we would abolish poverty, which would mean the abolition of Mr. Rockefeller's possessions. The government could and should provide all the medical education and everything else necessary, by taking from Mr. Rockefeller and his like all the wealth they have that belongs to all the people in that it is land value created by all the people. We'd get the wealth to the extent that we wouldn't have to pay the natural taxation that Mr. Rockefeller and his like do not pay. But we haven't reached that stage of economic wisdom yet. The Rockefeller Foundation is not much liked. It is said that it aims to control education. It will be said it wants to entrench medical "superstition" as against metaphysical medicine and faith healing and such. But as long as men have ills we must try to cure them and as most people still believe in old time medicine that's the kind that will do them the most good and there is no fault to find with Mr. Rockefeller for supplying the best of the sort there is to be had. It is the duty of the rest of us to devise a cure for Rockefellerism and we can do it. How? "May I not be permitted" to suggest a method in accord with the spirit of the day and hour? A strike, no less, against all taxes upon any wealth but the wealth in land values community-created and appropriated by individuals. Put the strike into a taxation law that would impose but one tax on land values as aforesaid. There would be no Rockefellers then, and no mendicants, and we should need no charity from private bounty.

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Great Britain's Ambassador

VISCOUNT GREY is here as ambassador *pro tem*, from Great Britain. He looks like the men whose heads are stamped on old Roman coins. He reads Epictetus like Mayor Gaynor used to do. He is a devoted fisherman. In statesmanship his strong point is reticence. He understates rather than overstates things. He did his best to avert the Great War by submitting the Austro-Serbian dispute to the Hague, but on the other hand it was he who had brought about the Triple Entente that made Germany fear she was going to be strangled commercially and militarily. He is a sad man, not given to gaiety, and he is almost blind. His politics are Liberal, with a strong intellectual cast, but he is more dynamic and less deliberative than Mr. Asquith and of course a man like Lloyd George, with such suddenness and unexpectedness, must make him very nervous. In present conditions in Great Britain and for Lloyd George's purposes Viscount Grey is well disposed of in this country, for he would hardly go far with the Premier if the latter is going back to the program that was interrupted by the war and becomes the champion of the proletaires. Grey is not that liberal. It was he who gave the keynote of the Allies' war, saying it was a

war to end all war, and in a letter to Berchthold of Austria in July, 1914, he warned that nobleman that if war came many things in Europe would be swept away, meaning patently that one of them was the Hapsburg empire. It is not likely that Viscount Grey will ever be as popular, as was James Bryce or even Earl Reading. He is a fly-fisher and not a social mixer. He is not a great speaker in our way though in the British parliamentary manner, which is rather monologically conversational, he was highly praised by Gladstone. He will not be with us long, we are told. But we will find him delightfully different from, let us say, Lord Northcliffe. Grey will not say too much about anything. He will be something of a recluse, for that is his habit, but he will not overlook anything in Great Britain's interest. He is a strong supporter of President Wilson's world ideals, but he says that a League of Nations will be good only if the nations enter it in good faith and with good will. Nobody of world-note has quite the faith in the League of Nations that President Wilson has. No one thinks the league can be very much better than human nature. Viscount Grey is not an enthusiast about anything, apparently, but he's a good steady hand in diplomacy and that's needed now, when so many of our most ferocious pacifists are saying things which, if they have any effect at all, can only tend to stir up bad blood between this country and Great Britain. A Britisher said to me last evening: "My word! Over here, so many of you are saying about England all the very things you were saying about Germany a year ago."

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Shall We Assume the Allies' Debts?

PROPOSITIONS to pool the war debt will not down. France especially urges that as we pooled resources with the Allies to win the war we should help out on the Allies' debts and pool resources for the restoration of Europe. President Wilson would not listen to such things in Paris. Whenever the subject comes up here there is an outcry against turning the world over to the international bankers. We have the cash. The other nations have the experience. Everybody knows the old story. Nevertheless big bankers are said to be propagandizing for the scheme. So at least says Representative Gould of New York, and Senator Reed has touched upon it in anti-League speeches in St. Louis and elsewhere. Mr. Gould has introduced in the House a resolution calling on the President to furnish the House with all information pertaining to any movement in the United States or abroad to bring about the internationalization of the war debt. "I have been watching the position of the foreign exchange," says Mr. Gould, "with respect to the United States dollar and the discount rate at which the English pound sterling, French franc, Italian lira, and German mark have been quoted." Mr. Gould thinks the exchange rate may be a part of the propaganda. Maybe he doesn't see why the British government didn't "peg" the pound sterling after the war, as it did during the war and thinks that we are to be lured into "pegging" the pound, lira and franc. We carried the Allies during the war for large amounts and maybe we shall have to carry them further in order to get our money back. They are not even paying the interest it is said. Why we should assume any debts when we have enough of our own is not clear to most Americans. War is war, and business is business. In Congress there is fear that the

Administration may recommend our assumption of some of the Allies' debts and Mr. Gould wants to know if such a thing is likely to happen. As he says, "if such a question were given serious consideration, it would widely and deeply affect international finance and our foreign relations and foreign trade." At one time there was much applause for a proposal that we forgive France all her war debt to us, but I doubt if that would be applauded now. Let them all pay as they all insist Lenin and Trotsky's Russia shall pay the Czarist war and other debts. We did our part by the Allies and we should not be expected to do more. Shall we save a bankrupt Europe? Or rather shall we save our own plutocracy by guaranteeing those debts' payment? It is lucky there's nothing about this in the League covenant. Still there are philanthropists, altruists, internationalists and financiers who argue that such assumption of foreign debts on our part would promote peace most effectively and prolong it indefinitely. We might as well get at the facts and learn what we have to expect. Mr. Gould's resolution should have an early answer.



The Barrymores in "The Jest"

Beyond question the finest thing in New York today is "The Jest," playing at the Plymouth theater. It is a grace to the spirit of the theater goer doomed, if he knows not of this play, to world of bedroom or bagnio drama—"Up in Mabel's Room," "At 9:45," "Scandal," "Are You Legally Married," and so on. You begin to think better of folks when you see how many of them go to the Plymouth and give themselves over to the play and players. The play is originally Italian, by Sem Benelli, but it has been done over by Edward Sheldon to the American taste. I have heard that the adaptation spoils the original. With no knowledge of the Italian, may I not be permitted to doubt this? For "The Jest" quite carried me away, as it did that excellent poet Witter Bynner who ciceroned me.

The English blank verse of it is good stuff. It is fluid, vibrant, resonant, colorful and natural in a way that blank verse usually is not. The hearer is caught by the not too evident rhythm and hangs upon it as he does only on the lines of Shakespeare. It swings from smooth narrative to rhadamantade at appropriate places and then to the lusciousness that is almost lascivious. The play is like one of those tremendous dramas of Italy from which the Elizabethans fashioned their mighty plays. It's like the work of Webster or Marston, a storm of passion shot through with diabolical cunning. Of the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent it has the essential quality of that "accomplished and infamous Italy" that lived on wild and wierd love, exquisiteness in art, aesthetically debauched religion, murder, poison and moral perversities. Exotic is a good word for it, with its evil splendor. Sem Benelli, I am told, never did anything else so big and iniquitously beautiful as "The Jest." And I should say, judging from its impact upon myself, that the adaptor has caught the best of it.

Its "argument" is complicated by its peculiar psychology. I don't know what kind of a "complex" the Freudians would say it chiefly illustrates, but it is a "revenge" play, and revenge is a play-motive long since abandoned. We do not think it the grand passion the Elizabethans thought it. *Giannetto Malespini*, a painter, and a poet too, but weak and cow-

ardly in his feminine frailty, has long been the butt of the cruel jokes of *Neri Chiaramantesi*, a swashing, swaggering, lustful captain of mercenaries, like the famous Sir John Hawkwood. The soldier of fortune has stolen the painter's sweetheart *Ginevra*, a fishmonger's daughter, and made her his mistress. He has captured the painter on the street, stretched him across a barrel and etched with a dagger-point upon his back an ironical escutcheon, and then thrown him in a sack into the Arno. The play turns upon *Giannetto's* revenge, and the exquisiteness of the reprisal is made possible only through the blithely cool harlot-heartedness of *Ginevra*. Briefly then *Giannetto* has the captain to a feast, "plies" him with fierce wine, insinuates doubt of his courage against anyone his equal in strength, sends him off in armor to attack a group at an inn. As *Giannetto* gets *Neri* into his armor he takes from the warrior's wallet the key to his home and *Ginevra's* chamber. The painter spreads the rumor *Neri* has gone mad. *Neri's* raid upon the inn looks like madness. The watch capture him and bind him and bring him before *Giannetto*, who in gracefully elaborate irony mocks the trussed bravo. Meanwhile *Giannetto* has enjoyed the fleshly favors of *Ginevra*, who, be it said, is beloved also by *Neri's* brother, *Gabriello*. *Neri* is dungeoned, questioned, chained to a pillar more than half naked and finally subjected to confrontation with girls he has betrayed. Without too much revelation of detail. *Neri* is released as mad, through a simulated generosity and magnanimous forgiveness by *Giannetto*. The disheveled giant goes home intent upon catching *Giannetto* in *Ginevra's* arms. She is waiting for *Giannetto's* coming. *Neri* upbraids her with fantastic cruelty, sends her to her couch, while he hides behind the curtains near by, knife in hand. A white-cloaked figure steals in to *Ginevra*. A shriek, a loud cry, a groan; *Ginevra* comes out of the chamber and darts into a secret passage. *Neri* comes out with the blood-stained white cloak—*Giannetto's*—and meets *Giannetto* all in red, smiling like an angel-faced devil, coming in the doorway. *Ginevra* has three lovers, *Giannetto* reminds *Neri*. The mercenary has murdered his brother, *Gabriello*. Then the huge, hairy, bellying soldier *does* go mad. He wanders out of the room babbling and trailing the bloody cloak, while *Giannetto*, in a paroxysm of exultation, falls on his knees and prays to the Virgin the angelic salutation *Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum benedictum*—which "strangles into a scream" in the words of one later who had in him much of the aestheticism of *Giannetto*. Curtain: and the audience respires a deep breath of relief as a prelude to almost frantic applause. You can see them coming back into the Now as if half glad and half regretful over their emergence from the powerful illusion of their translation to the subtle and sultry past.

John Barrymore is *Giannetto*. Lionel Barrymore is *Neri*. Great are the Barrymores, sustaining the tradition of the family and capsheafing its past accomplishments with this magnificent mimetic achievement. They are excellent foils to each other; subtlety against strength, art or artifice against blazing brute nature. John Barrymore looks like John Keats, painted by Severn. He is an exquisite in hate. Lionel Barrymore is a terror like our child-concept of the giant at the top of the beanstalk. His vocabulary of oaths is a reversed litany. "Ha! My belly is the bottomless pit, and wine is the mercy of God." He swears "by the twenty-four thumbs of the twelve apostles," "by the thirty thousand virgins of Cologne," "by the liver of Mahound." He roars in liquor and he lusts over *Ginevra*

like a dog over a bone, and he thinks all of life is loving women, drinking wine and fighting men. He jeers that the beard of Lorenzo the Magnificent is full of fleas. Brought bound before *Giannetto*, he throws himself on the floor and tries to bite his enemy's calves. Later when that enemy has him chained to the pillar, professes weariness of hate and says he will release him if he will apologize and kiss his torturer's hand, *Neri* repeats the words of apology, leans over and seizes *Giannetto's* hand between his teeth. Lionel Barrymore is tremendous, stupendous, fascinating, hypnotic in his roaring savagery, and even more so when he simulates madness that a girl who loves him, and pretends to have been his victim that she may "confront" him, may help him to freedom. There is an animality in his love that is not offensive—it is in character. It is no worse than *Giannetto's* description of his ecstasies in the embraces of *Ginevra*, his enumeration of the glories of her shoulders, breasts and cool, white, firm flanks. The love is of the renaissance, sure enough. "The Bishop builds his tomb at St. Praxed's" just around the corner. In Barrymore's *Neri* you discover the voice and the gesture of the chief figure in "The Copperhead," but they are changed to suit the fiercer spirit. Some critics say his *Neri* is too noisy. It is not more so, in my opinion, than the Copperhead. And you can't expect sounds so faint that nothing lives twixt them and silence, when a grotesque son of Anak fights with burly watchmen hanging on him like flies on a lump of sugar.

John Barrymore is the mincing youth, knowing his own unmanliness, hating himself for it and priding himself upon his superiority of intellect. The artistry of him makes him the more vicious, more despicable. He is corrupt beneath his outward seeming, with that curious corruption which comes of mingling mysticism with sensuality. He hates with a cool fiendishness and at the same time laments that his hatred prevents him from praying. Pitiful he is in the clutch of *Neri's* stronger physical personality, this painter and troubadour who sings that "Madrigal of May" which runs as a musical *motif* through the play. It made me think of Browning's poem, "A Toccata of Galuppi." This *Giannetto* so delicate, so refined, becomes inhuman in his finesse, while *Neri* is somewhat attractive by reason of his violence that descends sometimes almost to the comic. But Jack Barrymore's rendition of the blended passions of fear and hatred and love, the catch in the throat, the paralysis of dread striking him in mid-kingdom of an almost cannibalistic kiss, is something so psycho-physical as almost to prompt a beholder to imitate it unconsciously as one often does a yawn in company. And if you are a Freudian you get a connotation of his emasculation in the affection between him and the hunchback servitor, *Fazio*. Yes, the play is full of suppressed or decoratively disguised horrors, worse far than that of the blinded bawd's beating *Neri's* face and breasts with her fists and trying to put out his eyes. The measureless moral malignity of John's *Giannetto* is more chilling to the blood than the physical primitiveness of Lionel's *Neri*.

And then Margaret Hanaford's *Ginevra*! She's a selfish, heartless yet childlike little devil, the more devilish for her ingenuousness. She has no soul, but her love of life moves her to high expression as her doom comes on her in her triple liaison. She gives the impression that somehow she was worth it all, in that unmoral world. Her servant *Cintia* is in the tradition of the nurse to *Juliet*, and that tradition Miss Maud Durand, who acts the part, does not violate. The play is rather simply staged. The players are more than the

scenery. "The Jest" is strong meat and juicy and condimented copiously. If it's art you care for and you have a girl who cares for it, too, you can't see and hear the play without wishing she were along. The final proof of one's highest enjoyment is the desire to share it with others. That's why I give the Barrymores, their associates and the play so much space in the MIRROR.



"The Moon and Sixpence"

SPEAKING of sharing enjoyments, let me tell you about "The Moon and Sixpence," Somerset Maugham's novel (Doran, N. Y.) It is not out of harmony with Benelli's play. Maugham's hero is a superman, *Charles Strickland*, a broker in London, married, with children, when we first meet him, or rather hear about him, for he has just left his wife and gone to Paris, supposedly with a tea-shop lady. He left his wife without explanation. They had had no quarrel. She had never heard of another woman. He had never been seen with one. *Strickland* is found in Paris in shabby rooms and with no trace of a female. He was not remorseful. He had just left, that was all. Gossip he didn't mind, nor his wife's suffering, nor what anybody thought of him. "What the hell do I care?" he said, not because as the song says "the gang's all here," but because it wasn't. He was big, red, hairy, blunt, boorish. No heart, not much mind maybe but a will that was undeflectable. He was poor and shabby and hungry. And what had he fled his family for? To paint pictures. They were pictures nobody liked or could understand. They followed no rules. They were chaotic but they carried in themselves an uncanny, obscure power. That they were ridiculed mattered nothing to *Strickland*. He painted for himself. He was innocent of affection and gratitude and impervious to insult. He went on painting fiercely and, as most men would see it, futilely. One man, *Dirk Stroeve*, saw the worth in his pictures, notwithstanding which *Strickland* despised him and stole his wife. The wife, *Blanche*, hated *Strickland*, but felt his power and went to him like a bird to a snake. She scorned her foolish-faithful husband and slaved for *Strickland*, to whom she was nothing but the fulfillment of a sex want now and again. She drank oxalic acid. *Strickland* would not go to see her in the hospital. "What the hell did he care?" There were other women. He'd take them when he wanted them. He painted on. And *Stroeve* found a nude *Strickland* had painted of *Blanche*. Great art he proclaimed it, if an inexplicable departure from all art rules. *Blanche* had given her body, her soul, her life that *Strickland*, careless of all else, might display his genius. Not to the world, though. *Strickland* painted for himself. Then we trace the monstrous fellow through the slums of Marseilles and on dubious ships to Tahiti. There he had come poor, ugly-spirited as ever, unable to hold a job at anything, and a negress found him a native girl, to whom she married him. He painted, the woman slaved for him, they begot children. He had nothing to do with the white world. He painted the Tahitian scene and people, strangely but with a weird magic indescribable, and behaved like a misanthrope. Finally illness came. The doctor found him with his face distorted to the similitude of a lion's. Leprosy! *Strickland* took the news with his usual "What the hell do I care." He retired still more. He painted, painted, painted—patiently, unremittingly, madly within doors. One day the doctor entered the room, the walls

of which were covered with such paintings as conveyed the secret, beautiful, horrible evil that foundations nature. The paintings portrayed something that had vanished from the world. They showed forces, elements, intelligences even that explained the bondage of man to earth. The room was a wonderland of the undiscerned spirit and significance of ruthless nature. And in the middle of the room with the walls of magicry stood *Strickland*, leprously lion-faced—blind! Later he killed himself and his native wife, burned the house with its paintings. A few of his paintings had got out in the world—to Paris, London. Casual acquaintances of *Strickland* had taken them and connoisseurs had taken to them. . . . Back in London his wife, whom he had deserted, called him affectionately Charles and declared that they had always had a most sympathetic understanding and she had always had faith in his genius. That's all: just the story of a man transformed into a fiend by the passion for creative expression. Beside that, nothing mattered. To it all lovely things were sacrificed, even the artist himself. The last was the climax of devotion to this urge that drove the stockbroker of London to life in the lowest raw in Tahiti. He went back to nature and even into the foully beautiful soul of nature. Dead, some few understood his work. Rich folks paid large sums for his pictures. He was hailed as a new master. And he had poisoned all life for this post mortem glory. What an absurd story, said the girl at the piano after I had recited the *precis* of it as above. Not at all. Mr. Somerset Maugham has only fictionized, with much power and no little beauty, the life history of the French artist long thought mad—Gauguin. Mr. Maugham's rhapsodies about the Tahitian paintings are not so very extravagant in comparison with what the critics have printed of Gauguin in the catalogues. I saw some Gauguins at Chicago when Arthur Jerome Eddy brought the futurist and post impressionist paintings out there. They were Tahitian Gauguins, too. Barbarously, primitively decorative they were, but nothing in them gave me the sense of meeting the malefic principalities and powers of nature at their vile work of denying God. But, dear reader, don't let this dictum of mine deter you from reading "The Moon and Sixpence," for it's a work of art that really explains art and gives a clue to its meaning—a clue which it seems Tolstoy had hold of slightly when he wrote his great and generally considered foolish book, "What is Art?"



A New Luminary

LET Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton Porter, and all the writers of glad books look to their laurels; yea, let them clear the track for Dr. Berthold A. Baer is coming. Coming, did I say? Nay, he has arrived. He has "got there"—or here—with both feet. And he has both feet in the grave, rather on the grave, and stomping—an o not an a there, proof-reader—the said grave to pieces. Dr. Berthold A. Baer is also taking the well-known sting out of the justly celebrated Death. Dr. Baer is the past grand master of sob-stuff. You've got to be sobby before you can get in your work as a "gladster." Just as, in order to be most effective for virtue with a capital V, the best way is to show how well up you are in all the nastiness of literature. Dr. Baer has only recently burst upon New York. Burst is the word. He's Gotham's biggest hit of the season. He's certain soon to be elected to membership in all of the city's intellectual or-

ganizations. His work appears in the New York Times and it is always printed double column, with rules around it—in a box, as we say in Park Row. His "feature" is something to turn to as one turns to Don Marquis in the Evening Sun, F. P. A. in the Tribune or S. Jay Kaufman in the Globe, though his writings are more like Dr. Frank Crane's than anyone else's. He's a glorious condenser. His box is always packed full, and it contains nothing of the things in Pandora's box that made all the trouble. I wish I could reprint some of his writing in full, but I can't, for lack of space. But I can possibly faintly reflect some of his glory. He tells of a woman who loved a canary, and the canary died, and the lady had him or it stuffed by a taxicabby—I mean a taxidermist and set up in her home with the remark that she wanted the bird buried with her when she died. She died. And Frank E. Campbell, the undertaker, carried out her wishes, for no last wish, no matter how trivial, is disregarded by the gifted, sincere and sympathetic director of Campbell's Funeral Church at Sixty-Sixth street and Broadway. Is it not beautiful? Frank Campbell will give you the finest funeral you ever had in your life in consideration of a trifling fee. He is no profiteer. It is his aim to keep down the high cost of dying. If he's called in you need have no fear that you will die as Oscar Wilde said he was dying, beyond your means. Dr. Baer knows what Campbell service means. Listen! "The demised is taken from the home, the hotel or apartment to the Campbell Building"—I will not twice give business addresses elsewhere than in the advertising columns: it is unethical and unprofitable—"where a separate room is assigned to him, there to lie in state with princely honors. There the family and friends may come at any hour, day or night, to pay homage to the dear departed. Funeral services will be held in the world-renowned Funeral Church on the second floor of the 'Campbell Building'; the Campbell Quartette and a master organist enhance the beautiful service." Preachers of all denominations are kept on tap. Each staple and fancy religion is represented in the Campbell collection, and if the demised had no religion Mr. Campbell will ring in a man who will make a few remarks on the Single Tax. You can have a union or a non-union funeral, as you prefer. "Strange," exclaims Dr. Baer, "that New Yorkers know so little of this greatest of all institutions which is visited daily by out-of-town people who have heard of the unique place where death loses its sting and where nothing remain but beautiful memories!" Dr. Baer gently insinuates that, if you would be *comme il faut*, the proper thing to do, when you are ready to die, is to die in New York—the darn town is no place to live. You're not buried at all if Frank E. Campbell doesn't bury you. And in that sleep what dreams may come if Campbell hasn't tucked you in? But hearken again to Dr. Berthold A. Baer, the supreme lyricist, the poet in *excelsis* of all pall-baerers—but first note his headline, a master *coup d'oeil* for the latitude and longitude of New York: "Once a Millionaire—Left 15 Cents." Magic word—millionaire! Then he plunges in *medias res* of his story, enlisting the reader's heart-interest at once, thus:

She was a lady of culture and refinement.

She had just arranged for the burial of her husband, a former millionaire. Today he had died, penniless, friendless.

"All I possess in this world is fifteen cents," she said; "will you take these and purchase one rose, just one rose, to be placed upon his casket?"

Rarely have I seen such eyes, full of sorrow and tender devotion.

"No one is so poor, no one so lonely but that he has a friend in Frank E. Campbell. Your husband will be buried with 'true Campbell service,' and there will lie a wreath of roses upon his casket," said Mr. Campbell.

Now isn't that beautiful? How New York grasps the pathos of anything connected with a millionaire! For one such to die broke—why, it's much worse than the late Andrew Carnegie held it to be to die rich. But it's easier to die broke than to live broke in New York or elsewhere; easier, that is, with Frank Campbell hanging around handy. Come on in, you come-ons, says Dr. Berthold A. Baer, the dying's fine. "That strain hath a dying fall." How does he keep it up day after day? His Pierian spring never runs dry. It is wonderful, yet again wonderful and beyond all hooping. I wonder if he serves Frank E. Campbell by preaching funeral sermons as well as by celebrating the Campbellian method of mortuary ministration? And how does it happen that he hasn't been elected perpetual president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World? If only the brewers had engaged him to rhapsodize for them as he does for Frank Campbell, mayhap we had not been inundated by the world-wide drouth. He'd have chased the Anti-Saloon League off the earth as he is putting the terrors of death on the blink. Frank Campbell is surely the undertaker Macaenas. He will live, though he hire a sweet singer to make us all in love with death. He is a great economist. He not only runs a funeral church but he conducts a flower store on the side, maybe he makes and sells cinerary urns for the cremated and carries on a shroud factory. But I don't think he's a member of the coffin trust, the most outstanding figure in which is Col. Frederick D. Gardner, governor of Missouri. I wish the busy bardic Berthold A. Baer would sing of Fred and of those bottles of booze he enclosed in caskets shipped to undertakers in dry towns, what time he was running for governor. The trick was Homeric. It was a way of getting into the governorship as clever as the Greeks' getting into Troy in the wooden horse. All hail to Dr. Berthold A. Baer and Frank E. Campbell, and *conspuez le mort*.

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The Passing of Bok

EDWARD W. BOK retires from the editorship of the *Ladies' Home Journal* after thirty years of service. Of late we had almost forgot him, but twenty years ago he was a national figure whom everybody talked about. We used to have much fun with him. We credited him with the authorship of all the articles in the *L. H. J.* treating of the mysteries of feminine apparel. We called him the laureate of lingerie. We praised him for writings that told how to make chairs and mantelpieces out of the lumber in cabbage crates and how to make lamp shades out of ladies' hat boxes. The editorials of the *L. H. J.* or rather the essays were devoted to the enunciation of the highest moral principles couched in the most platitudinous language. Bok got credit for them and for his paper's frequent and copious instructions in etiquette. It was the order of the day to mock Bok. He was a platitudinarian and a pattern of politeness, but he was more than that. He had come here a boy penniless, from Denmark, I think, got into journalism and made a way for himself. He inaugurated the newspaper syndicate. He would write letters to prominent men asking their opinion upon some subject of interest,

get together their replies and sell the symposium to papers in various cities. He discovered woman. He invented the idea of publishing to her interests and intelligence and even though this in fact aspersed the aforesaid intelligence in some degree, it did strike the average. He wrote or had others write about everything that was of interest to women, love, marriage, children, housekeeping, shopping and a thousand things trivial. He taught them all about sewing and fancy work. Curtis and he hitched up together on the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and they achieved a big success. The paper became the world's greatest magazine for circulation. Bok was progressive. He would spend money for what he wanted. He believed in names. The best writers were drawn on for contributions, the best artists for pictures. He went in for stories, always goody-goody stories. Never an oath in them or a vulgar word or a hint that there was such a thing as sex. Once it is said Kipling wrote for Bok a story in which he made his chief male character take a draught of brandy. Bok cabled him that the mention of brandy was against the *L. H. J.*'s rules. Kipling cabled back: Make it Mellin's Food. Oh, yes, indeed, Bok was and ever remained a mid-Victorian, horse-hair-sofa, wax-flowers-under-glass moralist. He simply swamped all Sunday school literature. His publication was immaculate and impeccable, but of course it never had anything to say on any subject upon which there was much difference of opinion. It wouldn't do to print anything that might offend any reader. Whatever was held generally to be respectable had Bok's unwavering support. He did not fear at all to say an undisputed thing in such a solemn way. No man did more than he to denature American writing. But he found his public and no one was able to take it away from him. He had this following from coast to coast. He got it by writing fearlessly about everything that was so obvious no one else would think it worth writing about. You see, a lot of it *was* new to women, who were then still shut-ins. That was the secret. The *L. H. J.* got in to their prison and then it helped to get them out. Thus, in what to many of us seemed a silly way, Bok was an emancipator. He got into women's minds stuff relatively much better than they had ever got before. In time he had writers, preferably clergymen at first, explain politics to them. Then they were initiated into business. Good matter was carried along with designs for tidies and instructions in hemstitching and directions for preserving string beans and how to make use of the string that came on bundles. Bok was evangelizing while we laughed at his pompous and unctuous pontification. He grew with his job until the periodical he presided over was educational in a much higher way. It lost in some part its original appeal to hen-mindedness and latterly people of considerable intelligence could read it and retain their self-respect. Incidentally the publication carried so much advertising its owner had to start the *Saturday Evening Post* to take care of the overflow, and soon, that too overflowing, the *Country Gentleman* was taken over to handle that excess. The Curtis Publishing Company has the finest publication office in the world, except the Government printing office at Washington. The structure is the pride of Philadelphia. Mr. Curtis is a splendid business man, but he built on the Bok idea. Bok knew how to strike the woman taste unerringly. He mastered in the mass feminine psychology. There were millions of money in it. Bok got his share and then faded from view. His resignation of the editorship the other day was like a resuscitation. Other editors have eclipsed him, for example George Horace Lorimer of the *Satur-*

day Evening Post, who out-Boked Bok in finding the fiction that the crowd most liked. Great magazines have been built up by men who did nothing but imitate Bok. He influenced periodicalism as Pulitzer did journalism, though he had no such mental grasp as the latter. And now the *L. H. J.* dictates terms to the advertising agencies of the country. Those terms are so hard the agencies are protesting. I hear there is a strike on against all the Curtis publications for some softening of terms in advertising contracts. At present the Curtis company makes contracts considerate only of its own interest. The strike gives hope that maybe *Colliers* for instance can come in for a share of the business and that the *Woman's Home Companion*, modeled after the *L. H. J.*, may equal it in business instead of running a very good second. Edward W. Bok is out of the fight. No one cares now for his opinion upon anything. His last flicker was when he made an uproar about the moral dangers to which our soldiers were exposed in London. The English were much offended thereby and it was shown that Bok had sensationally exaggerated the things he wrote about. The *exposé* attracted little attention in this country. Bok wanted a pink-silk, perfumed Vernis Martin, chocolate bon-bon, slap-on-the-wrist kind of war. The world smiled at him and passed him up. It seems that even the women have forgot him. Now he retires. The woman movement has gone far beyond him, as if he were not masculine enough for it. So passes a glory of a world of frills and fritillaries—a man who once dreaded the bicycle as an immoral innovation because it evidenced the fact that women had legs. I can't imagine what Bok would think today of the women one sees on Broadway and the avenue, with the wind pressing their flimsy skirts and outlining intimacies of anatomy of which the chariest maid were prodigal enough if she unveiled them only to the moon peeping into her boudoir. Annette Kellerman might walk abroad today in her plentiful lack of aquatic costume without exciting such indignant comment as Bok discharged when the rainy-daisy skirts came in.

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Trade Last

By Eunice Tietjens

TO SARAH TEASDALE:

FROM my life's outer orbit, where the night
That bounds my knowledge still is pierced
through

By far-off singing planets such as you,
Whose faint sweet voices come to me like light
In disembodied beauty, keen and bright—
From this far orbit to my nearer view
You came one day, grown tangible and true
And warm with sympathy and fair with sight.
Then I who still had loved your distant voice,
Your songs, shot through with beauty and with
tears

And woven magic of the wistful years,
I felt the listless heart of me rejoice
And stir again, that had lain stunned so long,
Since I had you, yourself a living song.

TO AMY LOWELL

(who visits me in a hospital):

Like a fleet with bellying sails,
Like the great bulk of a sea-cliff with the staccato
bark of waves about it,
Like the tart tang of the sea breeze,
Are you;
Filling the little room where I lie straightly on a
white island between pain and pain.

(From "Body and Raiment"—Alfred A. Knopf, New York.)

Women Voters in 1920

By Frank Putnam

The popular vote for president in 1912 was:

Woodrow Wilson, Democratic party.....	6,293,019
Theodore Roosevelt, Progressive party.....	4,119,507
William H. Taft, Republican party.....	3,484,956
Eugene V. Debs, Socialist party.....	901,873
Eugene W. Chafin, Prohibition party.....	207,928
Arthur E. Reimer, Socialist Labor party.....	29,259

In 1916:

Woodrow Wilson, Democratic party.....	9,129,269
Charles E. Hughes, Republican party.....	8,547,328
Allan J. Benson, Socialist party.....	590,579
J. Frank Hanley, Prohibition party.....	221,329
Arthur E. Reimer, Socialist Labor Party.....	14,180

Total vote for president since 1888:

1888.....	11,381,468
1892.....	12,043,603
1896.....	13,813,243
1900.....	13,964,518
1904.....	13,523,519
1908.....	14,887,133
1912.....	15,031,169
1916.....	18,528,743

Increases up to 1912 marked the normal gain in number of qualified male voters, plus a slight gain of women voters in the suffrage states. The jump of nearly 3,500,000 votes in 1916 was attributed to the extraordinary popular appeal of the paramount issue—Mr. Wilson's statement that "he kept us out of the European war," and his implied promise that he would continue to keep us out of it. This issue brought at least a million men and more than a

million women to the polls, who otherwise would not have troubled to cast their ballots. It caused a higher percentage of qualified voters of both sexes to exercise their franchise rights than in any year since 1896, when Bryan's free silver speeches and Mark Hanna's free silver expenditures stirred the waters clear down to the bottom of the pond.

Assuming the ratification of the federal suffrage amendment prior to the

presidential election of 1920, the number of persons qualified to vote in that election will exceed 30,000,000. Here is a factor which students of American politics, eager to read the future, are scrutinizing with profound interest. How will the 12,000,000 new votes be cast? How many of them will be cast? Are the national issues likely to be paramount in the 1920 campaign such as will appeal strongly to the women voters? If so, will the 12,000,000 newly enfranchised citizens stand for nationalism, or for internationalism? Will they, many of them, make their first presidential ballots a rebuke to the sectional party which has longest and most stubbornly opposed their emancipation, and a thank offering to the party which signalized its return to power by submitting their amendment to the states? Or will they ignore the past, and concentrate their attention upon the present and the future? Will they, most

of them, vote about as their men folks do, for like reasons, or have women, generally considered, some unrevealed desires up their sleeves, for which they will vote as women? I have known women, as women, for something over fifty years. Trying now to figure out how they will react to political issues, I am stumped. I don't know them from that angle. I doubt if I really know much about them. I doubt if men generally really know much about them.

We have taken them for granted, like day and night, earth, air and water. Lately I have been privileged to look in, occasionally, at sessions of women engaged with politics. Their immediate concern is to procure the earliest possible ratification of the federal amendment. They are raising funds to send agitators and organizers into the doubtful states—not so much doubtful as hesitant. These women are members of the National Woman's party. It

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We have assembled Evening Wraps of rare loveliness for discriminating Maids and Matrons.

They are American adaptations of Paris models and are exquisite in line, fabric and ornamentation.

Developed of Silk and Chiffon Velvet or gorgeous Metallic Brocaded Cloth and richly trimmed with fur or ostrich tips, many beautiful creations are presented.

Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

was this party which developed militancy, at the national capital—picketed the White House; hectored President Wilson; dramatized the issue in such a way as to keep the head of the Government always in the spotlight; made it a present vital factor in the daily

observation and thought of members of Congress; obtained for it, through the arrest of hundreds of delicate and refined women from all parts of the country, and their imprisonment under vile conditions at the national capital, countrywide advertising of the most im-

pressive character. I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Alice Paul, the organizing and driving genius of the National Woman's party and its national chairman. This young woman, a Philadelphia Quakeress, silent, shy, gentle, is a great politician. I forget which sena-

tor it was who described her as "the ablest and most powerful politician in the United States." Insiders at Washington agree that Miss Paul, more than any other single individual, was responsible for the submission of the federal suffrage amendment. Committee bosses of both the old parties in Congress tried their best tricks to stall off submission. Miss Paul, never for a minute admitting the possibility of defeat, outplayed them at their own game. She served seven terms in prison, most of them, perhaps all of them, in England, where she studied militant suffrage tactics under the leadership of the Pankhursts. I do not know whether she was one of the two or three hundred women imprisoned in Washington. I met a Pullman car full of them a few months ago—the National Woman's party "Prison Special," then touring the country. Women of wealth and high social station, intellectual, most charmingly feminine—the most beautiful, gayest and altogether delightful of them all the white-haired grandmother of the New York Havemeyers. These women, confined and brutally maltreated in vile jails in the American capital, for peacefully exercising their right of petition and remonstrance? Incredible! We have gotten used, in this country, to reading of the arrest of working women for picketing struck industries. It occurred to me that these women at the other social extreme, remembering their own arrests, will be less tolerant, once they acquire political power, of similar treatment of women workers. The story of this amazing episode in American politics, yet to be written, will take its place alongside of the Lovejoy story, the Garrison-Phillips story. Limitations of time and space here permit me to record but one additional fact—the supreme court of the District of Columbia finally determined that all of the arrests of the suffragists in Washington, all of their convictions and imprisonments, were illegal.

Now and then I run into old-fashioned politicians and find them figuring on 1920 as they used to figure on earlier campaigns—forgetting the 12,000,000 new women voters who will enter the field next year, and ignorant, as a rule, of the history of the long campaign which women have waged for the right to vote. The shelf is waiting for a lot of the old-timers.

It was dawn and very chilly in camp, and one man was unable to find any of his outer garments. He wandered about, asking all his mates if they knew where they were. "Has anyone seen my b-b-blanket?" he demanded, and was told that no one had. "Has anyone seen my t-t-trousers?" No answer. "Well, I'm jolly g-glad I have got on my nice w-w-warm pair of sus-sus-suspenders."

Smithson—Come wit me to the Zoo?
Pimpleton—No, thank you; I'll stay at home. My eldest daughter does the kangaroo walk, my second daughter talks like a parrot, my son laughs like a hyena, my wie watches me like a hawk, my cook is cross as a bear, and my mother-in-law says I'm an old gorilla. When I go anywhere I want a change.—
Punch.



A Piano well chosen becomes a lifelong Friend

BUYING a piano or player piano is a serious matter—a real epoch in the history of a home. A piano once secured should become a permanent part of the household—an article which "grows old along with you" and is an ever constant friend and companion—whose vibrant tones grow mellow and more musical after years of service—whose polished exterior remains a joy to behold rather than an antiquated example of all that is inartistic.

Blind plunging at purchasing time will rarely obtain an instrument possessing these desirable characteristics. Careful guidance by those who are familiar with instruments is an absolute necessity. In other words, your difficulties in purchasing an instrument are at an end when you go to a reliable firm to make your selection.

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GRAND LEADER

Letters From the People

A Patriot's Plea

Postoffice Box 7,

Leavenworth, Kan., Sept. 21, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Posterity of this republic of which I am a naturalized citizen will put the name of William Marion Reedy among those of the few who did not lose their heads by war-mania and unscrupulous foreign propaganda so that America will do the dirty work of the British imperialism.

I read a passage from your paper of August 15, 1919, to the following effect:

"All political prisoners—foreign as well as native or naturalized—in this country should be free, and at once. Everyone who believes the old doctrine that this land was 'established as a refuge for the oppressed of the earth'—a sentiment that we used to applaud vociferously in Fourth of July orations—should make it his business to register his protest against the proceedings now in progress to send the patriotic Hindus back to India for education," etc.

I am glad that you have included all the political prisoners while protesting against the British and American (at the instigation of the British) persecution of the Hindus. I was born in India, but because of my sincere faith in the principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, the greatest document of human rights, I became an American citizen and I am still an American—true American to my heart, although the Department of Justice has instituted a case to cancel my citizenship so that I shall be deported to India.

Life without liberty is not worth living; and life's value increases with the ability and possibility of aiding movements of human progress. I am willing to suffer for this and I am willing to suffer further to see that American ideal—freedom of thought, freedom for political idealism—preserved. I am glad that Americanism is not dead though dazed by the poisonous gas of the foul propaganda. Let America have all of her political and industrial prisoners free. Let America not lag behind monarchist Italy.

Sir, you know better than I can tell you, and I am sure that your love for freedom will force you to do all that is possible to fight every act of injustice which is undermining faith in the minds of many Americans. I shall only tell you something of my case and it is quite possible that you may draw it to the attention of the authorities, especially Mr. Palmer, who will come to Kansas to attend the Bar Association meeting in October.

I am in jail and will be in jail as a common criminal because my only crime is that I advocated Indian independence, and I shall do so till it is accomplished or till I am dead. On Oct. 25th, when I shall finish serving my present sentence I am subject to re-arrest because the Department of Justice holds another indictment on the charge of "conspiracy to violate the espionage act" by attempting to represent a foreign government and interfering with the foreign relations of the U. S. A. But the trick of the whole matter is that I was author-

ized by the Indian Nationalist party to go to Washington to present the case of India and her right to independence (not home rule) to the Washington Government, so I am charged as one trying to interfere with foreign relations, etc.

Then again, U. S. Government has brought an equity suit against me to

cancel my citizenship, on the pretext that I secured my second papers of citizenship by fraud because I do not believe in the American Constitution, etc., something of the kind. If my citizenship be cancelled then I can be deported.

The Britishers violated the U. S. neutrality law by recruiting men in San

Francisco when America was neutral; American court found them guilty, but President pardoned them. The Hindus supposedly for the same crime (I say supposedly, because Hindus, especially I, never violate U. S. neutrality even from technical point of view), are threatened to be deported.

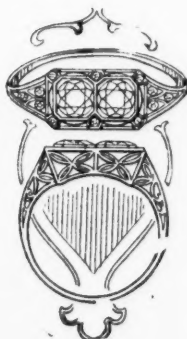
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I ask you to ask Mr. Palmer to drop the cases against me and thus prove that in U. S. A. there is no double standard of justice as exists in India. I have taken this liberty to write to you because your article which moved me to tears and made me feel that you are sincerely for true Americanism, and you are not one of those Liberals who lack courage to face the truth and demand justice.

In case you find time, you can write to Mr. Gilbert E. Roe, 55 Liberty street, New York, who is my attorney and who is so nobly trying to save the lives of the Hindus working for Indian independence.

I am an American. I do not want to

see that there will be a stain on American history—that Hindu political refugees be handed over to be hanged. India will become independent and it is only a matter of time; and a day may come when India—a free federated republic of India—will think about U. S. A. as a friend of freedom or an agent of British tyranny and imperialism. I appeal to you and others to do your best, so that the posterity of America will not be ashamed of the conduct of their fathers.

I thank you for your consideration for the political prisoners of America. With the kindest regards, I remain

TARAKNATH DAS.

A good story is recalled by the recent marriage of Maurice Maeterlinck, the famous poet and dramatist. In his early days with his first wife, the clever and witty Georgette Leblanc, he was discussing with her the correct word to fit into one of his poems. The two were at it till midnight. Then they went to bed, leaving the problem still unsolved. An hour later the poet aroused his sleeping wife "Get up, Georgette!" he cried excitedly. "Get up and strike a light. I have just thought of a really good word." "Get up yourself!" replied the indignant Georgette. "I have just thought of a really bad one."

The Housing Shortage

By John J. Murphy

(Ex-Commissioner, Tenement House Department, New York City)

I

Were it not for the fact that housing shortage is testified to by so many unimpeachable authorities, one might be pardoned for doubting its existence. Save for the normal increase of population due to births, there are no more people in the United States than there were three or four years ago. Not alone has immigration stopped, but the tide has turned the other way. Hence housing shortage must be regarded as sporadic and not universal. For every new house required by a family in a newly congested area, there is probably a vacant old house somewhere. The war merely accelerated to a tremendous degree a tendency of population to concentrate already arousing much misgiving among the thoughtful. The "back to the land" movement has been overwhelmed by the "forward to the city" movement. Wages which seemed extravagant even to city dwellers exercised their normal effect upon country people to whom they must have looked phenomenal. To many of them it must have seemed that they would only have to work for a year or two for such wages in the city and then return to their country homes to live for the rest of their lives on accumulated capital. They little dreamed that the cost of living had risen higher than the price of labor.

The first effect of the influx was, of course, to cause spirited bidding for the accommodations available, with incidental increase of rents all around. The workman, proud of his increased earning ability as expressed in dollars, sought accommodations of a character more costly than he had been accustomed to inhabit. In New York, for example, the cheapest type of tenement apartment became a drug on the market. It had been formerly occupied and then vacated by immigrants coming to live in the city. Under the new dispensation nobody would take it at any price, with the result that tenements which would accommodate one hundred thousand people lie idle. These accommodations, while not so bad as to come under the ban of the law, are nevertheless generally of low grade.

The city confronted with this problem had no machinery to meet it, because the problem had never arisen hitherto and governments are only equipped to deal with things that have happened. The only relation of the American city to housing is one of restriction; to limit the area of lot which may be occupied, to require light and ventilation, and to insist on a sufficiently stable form of construction to ensure that buildings will not be dangerous to their occupants or passers-by. The cities had left the question of providing houses entirely to the operation of the law of supply and demand. Private agencies were in a rather helpless condition when the demand came. The needs of the war had absorbed a large

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percentage of the floating capital. Labor was dear and scarce; building materials commandeered by the government in many places, and bringing prices unheard of a couple of years before; clearly, only buildings holding out prospects of extravagant returns would be projected or constructed. The cost of building had advanced from 35 to 75 per cent, according to the type and size of buildings, the percentage of increase being greater for small than for large buildings. The only factor which depreciated in price was vacant land, because land-owners, having to pay taxes and being unable to derive revenue from their land, were more inclined to sell.

Under the circumstances many political and public bodies were organized to take action, but most of their activities were mere benevolent gestures calculated to impress the rent-paying public with the fact that these bodies were sympathetic. Indeed their activities in some respects were harmful rather than helpful. They tended to impress the landlords with the extent of their power by making the shortage seem more acute than it actually was and by raising the cry of "profiteer," they discouraged persons who might have been induced to go into building investment from doing so, because in other avenues of investment capital was being employed at larger returns without bringing reproach upon its owner. The one thing which the cities might have done which would actually have relieved the situation was not done by any of them so far as the results show.

II

In the early part of this paper it was pointed out that the chief relation of government to housing is one of restriction. To the extent that restriction requires safe and sanitary construction, it is a public necessity, but there is a form of restriction which is always more or less an evil, but particularly so at a time like the present. This restriction is the taxation levied upon buildings. There is no doubt that this form of taxation even in normal times tends to prolong the life of old buildings and prevent the erection of new ones; but at a time like the present it ought to be obvious to the least thoughtful that such restriction should be removed until building has caught up with normal demand. The suggestion has come from most responsible quarters that new buildings erected within the next two years should be exempt from taxation for seven to ten years. Such a policy would greatly stimulate building.

It may be presumed that if it had no opponents it would have been adopted. Its opponents are chiefly those who believe that such a policy would give rise to serious discontent on the part of owners of existing buildings who would protest against being called upon to pay taxes on their own buildings if there was a tax-free building alongside. The force of this objection may be conceded, but it must be remembered that the abnormal rise in prices has given a great bonus to owners of existing buildings. Another objection comes from those who view with suspicion almost

any proposal which seems to point in the direction of what is known as the single tax. To those it may be answered that if a proposal has value it should not be condemned because it is merely a minor plank of an obnoxious platform. We would still be miles away from the single tax which proposes to eliminate all taxes excepting a tax upon land values.

Pittsburgh and Scranton are examples of cities which have gone some distance in the direction of exempting improvements and the report is that they are satisfied with their experiment. If the policy should not work out as anticipated, repeal of the measure would be easy. Of course, there is no answer to those objectors, if what they fear is that the proposal may be so beneficial, that the people would want to extend it and make it permanent.

After more than a year's study I have found no other way which offers any practical solution of housing shortage. The public must choose between this solution and the struggle for years with the problem of constantly rising rents and the acceptance of deteriorated conditions, for landlords will not only raise rents but will refuse to keep their buildings in the comparatively good condition that has obtained for some years back, when instead of tenants seeking accommodations at any price, landlords were seeking tenants. Competition among landlords for tenants is the most effective regulator of upkeep and rents.

—National Municipal Review.



Towards New Horizons

If Miss M. Willcocks' "Towards New Horizons" (John Lane Co., New York) is complementary to any economic work on the League of Nations or the New Order—which it certainly is—it may be described as the human partnership omitted in Mr. Garvin's economic foundations, in that Miss Willcocks dares to view life philosophically or synthetically, and so sees the only real hope in attitude, in spirituality. She claims that the vertical cleavage of society is doomed, and that henceforth mankind will, for a long period, at any rate, move horizontally. And the moving spirit of this horizontal progress, she postulates, is Labor; the class-conscious internationalism of organized Labor, the challenge if which was proclaimed to the world by the Russians with their war of the classes, which historically is nothing less than a new religion.

Economically—and this is the interest of the book in contradistinction to the capitalist or vertically federated view of Mr. Garvin—she writes: "This war is the measure of middle-class incompetence; it is the condemnation of capitalism, as the wars with revolutionary France were the condemnation of landlordism." Here, without a doubt, is a profound truth. That the war has become essentially capitalistic few would deny, otherwise why this shriek for indemnities? Thus Miss Willcocks discerns the passing of an age. And what is left is the problem of the mass man. What is to happen? Is he to go back

to his industrial chains, his servile state, or is he to emerge; and, if the latter, into what? That is the problem of Europe today.

The writer knows no panacea. The upward movement must be long, yet capitalism, with its wage-slavery, is doomed. It was not the worker who measured the greatness of a nation by its territories, by how much tropical wealth "poured in and how much manufactured wealth poured out." The imperialism of the bourgeoisie was this valuation; is still. It has revealed itself in the great war to be barren of all desire save that of possession. But today the cry is, "Cards on the table!" and so the peoples demand the publication of the secret treaties, and, as a beginning, Russia proclaims the new law of "no annexations."

World federation, then, "if it is to remain a purely administrative re-organization in the political sphere, will almost certainly fail." Miss Willcocks is positive. No form or formula will alter mankind; the world will need first to be lifted out of the rut of racial conflict into another, a serener, clime, and the "men who guide its destinies will have to value self-determination, or spiritual control, according to the inner law of a man's, a nation's, life as the supreme arbiter." In the new groupings of the co-operative order, which must now sooner or later take the place of the capitalist or wage system, the writer sees the socialization of production as the economic instrument side by side with political federation. The concept of empire will become foreign. Only through international socialization can the true League of Nations be born, which will command allegiance because founded on spiritual or liberating forces, not on economic. And the watchword will be self-determination. That is the key, and alone with that key shall we unlock the mystery of harmony leading to the real Federation of the world.

The "pig-iron," or German, epoch of imperial valuation is passing, and with it the age of property. We are entering upon the civilization of woman's influence. Man philosophy has defeated itself in war, and no League of Nations can be founded on any standard of servility. The war has broken down Europe's conventions, her shibboleths, her great male or militarist "Hush." The tyranny of ignorance will give place to the dynamics of free ideas, individual and national. The cry will be, "Let live!" Our savage distrust of names will go, and we shall learn to welcome ideas, originality, new thought. And this freedom will be the basis of the League, when it stands, that is, to free every country from the will to grasp and hold what no longer consents to be grasped and held.

As a potent factor in this evolutionary process, the writer welcomes the power of art, and particularly of music, which she rightly hails as the "great art of the future," for it, above all, expresses the group sense. Music quite particularly leads to that "total consciousness" which is the living philosophy of the true League of Nations. In the "democracy" of music, as Bergson finely wrote, man will learn to group the economic, the political, the spiritual


changes that can alone give us the New Order, and we shall gradually move to the third great epoch, the emancipation of the workers, who can only fail if they imitate the bourgeoisie, who in turn imitated the aristocracy, own freeing spirituality.

This is a remarkable book. The author shows an astonishing discernment and a regard for truth very rare in these commercial days. Her knowledge is wide. She can write of the arts, she can portray the Russian revolutionary movement without bias, she has the

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rare gift of vision. And yet entirely balanced. She entertains no illusions about a millennium, and it is clear she does not expect either a new world or a new order from the deliberations of the politicians at Paris.

An immense knowledge is stored in this comparatively small book, and much constructive thought. Always the writer is suggestive, subtle, and curiously virile in her judgments; indeed, it is difficult at time to believe that this can be the work of a woman. And yet it is unmistakably the work of a woman, which is one of the fascinations of the book. The writer is without cant. She is not afraid to see humanity as it is, and to portray it. In this respect she has something of the quality of Strindberg. Take this acid passage on baby welfare: "Bishops join the propaganda movement and chemists cheat the public—under Government orders—by providing preventives, which must be packed, in each case, with a certain proportion of ineffective shams." No man, perhaps, would have written that. But this is the dawn of woman's age, and so it is we find this virile, intellectual honesty from a feminine pen. There is not a trace of journalism anywhere. Hence it is in the freed woman that Miss Willcocks sees the organizing influence that

will help to liberate society from the trammels of convention and label, and it is in Russia that she describes the light of the new religion of fraternity. Without Russia there can be no League of Nations. The question is, will Russia, with her religious and Eastern genius, blend with the political genius of the West, or remain apart? Which will compromise most? Will the West submerge the other, or will the East prove the guiding inspiration? Here the author is on a great truth, which the politicians of Europe have not yet begun to understand. The problem of Europe will be fought out on the Russian revolution, and there can only be a mere League of Nations mechanism until a solution has been found. Its issue is capitalism. The likelihood is that Russia will keep apart in her religious fire, and, as there is no longer any great religious force in Europe—Christianity having ceased to be a religion when it allied itself with the State—the question will be come the struggle of spiritual freedom *versus* materialism.

Thus ends a book of beauty, of truth, of living spiritual creation. It is dedicated to "all my friends, some in prison, some in the army, and some in the Labor movement, who have made it impossible for me to despair of the

future." Every man working on the League of Nations in Paris should be compelled to read it. It is a sign of the time. Here we have the new woman—thinker and creator. This surely is the voice of the New Order, of the European. So, through art, we shall slowly yet surely progress; not by the control of force or of economics, but by that freedom which federates control through the knowledge of "how to appeal to it."—*The English Review*.

In Time of Peace

An American colonel in France was having difficulty with his safe. It was the headquarters safe. Its locks had jammed and none of his staff could open it. While they were struggling with it a negro sergeant came up to them apologetically. "Cul'n'l," he said, "if Ah aint intrudin' into this heah difficulty, Ah believes, sah, dat Ah might he'p you. Ah suggest Co'p'l Hall." "Corporal Hall? Why Corporal Hall?" "Co'p'l Hall," the sergeant explained under his voice, "was fo' foah years a buglah." They sent for Corporal Hall and Corporal Hall opened the safe. "Well, sergeant," the colonel said, "I'm glad to know about Corporal Hall. I wish I'd known it sooner. It would have saved us a lot of time with that safe. And tell me, sergeant—in case we may need to call on you some day—in what direction do your particular talents lie?" "Cul'n'l," the sergeant answered, "Ah doan' want to tell no lies. Standin' as Ah does daily in de presence of mah Maker, mos' doubtless Ah doan' want to tell no lies. But if de time comes when Ah kin he'p yah, sah, Ah'll make a full an' free confession; a full an' free confession, sah."

Literal

A well-dressed stranger strolled up to a colored prisoner, who was taking a longish interval of rest between two heaves of a pick. "Well, Sam, what crime did you commit to be put in those overalls and set under guard?" "Ah went on a furlong, sah." "Went on a furlong? You mean you went on a furlough." "No, boss, it was a sho' nuff furlong. Ah went too fur, and Ah stayed too long."

Two Tommies, disheveled, torn with wounds, and altogether untidy, were on leave in London. As they stood in Trafalgar Square there approached a detachment of the Windsor Guard in silver trappings, waving plumes, red coats, long varnished boots shining like mirrors, and kid gloves. The Tommies looked on in silence for a moment and then one nudged his mate. "Looka, Bill," he whispered in an awed voice. "Them's sojers."

Playing Safe

"Rastus, how is it you have given up going to church?" asked Pastor Brown. "Well, sah," replied Rastus, "it's dis way. I likes to take an active part, an' I used to pass de collection basket, but dey's give de job to Brothah Green, who jest returned from Ovah Thai-ah."

"In recognition of his heroic service, I suppose?"

"No, sah, I reckon he got dat job in reco'nition o' his having lost one o' his hands."—*Argonaut*.

New Books Received

THE COMMAND IS FORWARD by Sgt. Alexander Woolcott. New York: Century Co., \$1.75.

The author was reporter for the "Stars and Stripes" and as such went up and down the lines on the various fronts getting the stories of all the boys in the A. E. F. Complete files of the "Stars and Stripes" are difficult to obtain; this volume preserves the best of the stories and pictures.

THE HEART'S DOMAIN by Georges Duhamel. New York: Century Co., \$1.50.

M. Duhamel won international fame with his Goncourt prize book "Civilization" in 1918. This is quite the opposite of that book, being the record of a soul's successful search for happiness in this same imperfect world.

SORCERY by Francis Charles MacDonald. New York: Century Co., \$1.35.

The passionate love story of two beautiful girls of Hawaiian extraction, shot through with the superstitions of the natives of that wonderful Pacific island. Frontispiece.

FROM THE LIFE by Harvey O'Higgins. New York: Harper & Brothers, \$1.50.

The subtitle is "imaginary portraits of some distinguished Americans." The sketches include the famous author, the beautiful actress, the old school politician, the moving picture star, the promoter, the prosecuting attorney and some others. Interesting reading.

THE STORY OF A LOVER. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.50.

A fictional consideration of sensual love purporting to be an autobiography.

WHEN WE WERE LITTLE by Mary Fanny Youngs. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., \$1.25.

Charming verses for children inspired by the little ones at Oyster Bay. With introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrations.

REPORT OF THE SOUTHWESTERN DIVISION OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS—1917-1918 compiled and published for the purpose of furnishing each worker a tangible complete record of his or her work during the war. This includes first aid, motor corps, canteens, camp service, epidemics, etc. Illustrated.

COMEDIANS ALL by George Jean Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.

A critical consideration of the drama and its critics done in the customary sarcastic Nathan vein. The author says "criticism is the art of appraising that which isn't in terms of what it should be, and that which should be in terms of what it isn't. The rest—is mere hand-shaking."

THE RIDER OF THE KING LOG by Holman Day. New York: Harper & Bros., \$1.75.

A stirring romance of the logging section of the great Northwest whose heroine is an orphan just out of college. Love, adventure, danger are combined in a manner to while away several hours most pleasantly. Illustrated.

EMPLOYMENT AND NATURAL RESOURCES: A report of the investigation begun in 1915 under general instructions from the Department of Labor to ascertain the possibilities of securing permanent and profitable employment for returned soldiers and other workers, in the settlement and community development of our unused areas and of the various resources—soils, forests, ores and waters—contained in such areas. This report is principally devoted to the agricultural and forest lands and shows that, handled properly, through them both unemployment and the high cost of living could be materially reduced. This presupposes public control sufficient to absolutely eliminate speculation in, or private appropriation of, natural or community made values. Information and statistics compiled by Benton MacKaye. A supplementary report has been prepared by Leifur Magnússon on "The Disposition of the Public Lands of the United States with Particular Reference to Wage Earning Labor." Both may be had by application to the Department at Washington.

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THE CARRINGTONS OF HIGH HILL by Marion Harland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.60.

A tale of love and mystery of the old South before the war.

PETALS BLOWN ADRIFT by Rose Florence Freeman. Berkeley Heights, N. J.: Jos. Ishill, \$2.

Poems.

LIFE'S MINSTREL by Daniel Henderson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., \$1.50.

Poems, descriptive and philosophical, grave and gay.

THE MAKING OF A FLOWER GARDEN by Ida Bennett. New York: Frederick A. Stokes, \$1.75.

A successful woman gardener and genuine flower lover herein shares her wealth of experience covering many years. She begins with the fundamentals and includes all the details, with original plans, practical hints and modern ideas. Illustrated.

IRON CITY by M. H. Hedges. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.75.

A first novel. Its central figure is an instructor in a mid-west co-educational college for women. Its environment is a small town struggling into the city class. All of which connotes romance and commercial strife.

THE BOYS' AIRPLANE BOOK by A. Frederick Collins. New York: F. A. Stokes & Co., \$1.50.

A history of the airplane, a description of its first principles and construction, directions and working drawings for making models that will fly. A book that will interest anyone who is interested in airplanes. One hundred fifty illustrations.

DUST AND LIGHT by John Hall Wheelock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.

A collection of the poet's best work during the past six years. Some of these poems have appeared in Reedy's Mirror.

NOTES OF A CAMP-FOLLOWER ON THE WESTERN FRONT by E. W. Hornung. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., \$2.

The chronicle of the experience of the creator of "Raffles, the Gentleman Burglar" as a Y. M. C. A. canteen worker in France after the death of his only son in battle.

ORGANIZING FOR WORK by H. I. Ganit. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe, \$1.25.

A weighty little book which seeks to show that since the growth and development of our civilization depends upon the smoothness with which our business, industrial and political forces work together it is necessary (1) to make business democratic by placing authority in the hands of those who know what to do and how to do it, irrespective of whether they are the owners of the tools of production or not; and (2) by making everyone concerned in any way thoroughly familiar with all the facts, so far as they are available, related to any industrial dispute. The author has developed a chart system for this purpose which was used extensively during the war and is used by a number of manufacturers at present.

FRENCH FAIRY TALES translated by M. Gary. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Having as a nation assiduously cultivated hatred of Germany and all things German for several years we are put to it to find substitutes for the Grimm and Andersen fairy tales. Some time ago Crowell gave us a volume of Belgian tales and here is a new collection of French. Illustrated by E. Royd Smith.

UNCLE SAM, FIGHTER by William Atherton Du Puy. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., \$1.50.

The business side of the war revealed, that is, the inner workings of the vast war machine from its largest aspects to the inner details: how our War Trade Board held the blockade of Germany; how the Commercial Economy Board saved wool by substituting American for Parisian designs in women's suits; how the American army bought its food, etc.

WHAT BILLINGSGATE THOUGHT by Maj. W. A. Newman Dorland. Boston: Stratford Co., \$1.50.

A country gentleman's views on snobbery conveyed through the medium of letters to his son.

THE WORLD SHUT OUT by Norvall Richardson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.60.

The story of a beautiful maiden, an enormous fortune, an Italian princess and a great love.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S LETTERS TO HIS CHILDREN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.

To those who have known Roosevelt only through his public works and words these letters will come as a great surprise. They reveal the big tender heart of the man, his sympathy with all that interests and entertains a child.

THE COWBOY PHILOSOPHER ON PROHIBITION by Will Rogers. New York: Harper & Bros., 60c.

Epigrams on the wet side of prohibition. They are not extraordinarily striking or amusing but the author claims to be neutral in his personal sentiments and intimates he may write a better book on the dry side a little later.

THE STRONGEST by Georges Clemenceau. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.75.

A decidedly "French" novel by the great French premier. Need anything more be said to indicate its tense force?

THE LAMP IN THE DESERT by Edith M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.75.

The author of "Greatheart" and "The Way of an Eagle" again transports her readers to that India of mystery, intrigue and passion about which she writes so well, although her India and its English rulers are quite different from the ones now getting into the American news. As a fictionist Miss Dell is always most entertaining and the present volume is no exception.

THE POET IN THE DESERT by Charles Erskine Scott Wood. Published by the author at Portland, Ore., \$1.

The poet meets truth in the desert and away from all distractions discusses nature and philosophy.

MAIA by Charles Erskine Scott Wood. Published by the author at Portland, Ore.: 50 copies only at \$50 each.

A tale of love and the seasons in sonnet sequence, with lyrics. Exquisitely published, Fabriano hand made paper, Gothic type, full page decorations in photogravure by Alfred Laurens Brennan.

THE SECRETS OF ANIMAL LIFE by J. Arthur Thomson. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$2.50.

The author is regius professor of natural history at the University of Aberdeen and has devoted many years to study and research. In this volume he discloses much of what has hitherto been considered the secrets of life and the reasons of life processes, such as the migrations of birds, adaptations and interrelations; animal behaviour both instinctive and intelligent; the intricacy of life-histories, and the drama of organic evolution. They were originally delivered to his students and are now published for the purpose of interesting people in the multitudinous problems of animal life as they present themselves to the biologist. Indexed.

THE NEW MAP OF ASIA by Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: Century Co.

A discussion of the working out of the European Eminent Domain in Asia during the past twenty years up to the time of the present peace treaty, with particular consideration of Persia, Afghanistan, Siam and China. An effort at impartiality is consistently maintained. This volume is companion to the author's "The New Map of Africa" and "The New Map of Europe." Indexed.

Marts and Money

On the Wall Street Exchange prices and sentiment indicate considerable improvement. Principal industrial issues show gains varying from five to twenty-two points. Uneasiness concerning strikes is slowly decreasing. The opinion is that the economic crisis is past, despite the calling out of the men of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. The firm attitude of Judge E. H. Gary of the U. S. Steel Corporation is considered of propitious significance, and so it really is, undoubtedly. Despite the threatened strike of the Bethlehem workers, the

corporation's common stock registered an advance of \$7, the present price being within two points of the highest of the year.

It is a remarkable figure, indeed, the regular dividend rate being only \$5 per annum. As a result of the general upward movement, trading has broadened decidedly. It plainly intimates that both the pools and the public have re-entered the market and are anticipative of additional substantial betterment in values.

The news that President Wilson had abandoned his trip created no feelings

Central National Bank

SEVENTH AND OLIVE STREETS

Capital \$1,000,000 Deposits \$17,000,000

COMMERCIAL ACCOUNTS SOLICITED

Three Per Cent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts and Time Certificates of Deposits

Service
to you is
what
counts

IT is service to you that counts—understanding of your particular needs, courtesy and liberal treatment day after day, not when we are ready to give it, but when you are ready to ask it.

Whether your balances are large or small, this organization can give you a distinctly personalized financial service. It is confidence in our ability to do this that makes us ask for your account.

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Saint Louis

10¢
OR
25¢
Anti-Kamnia
FOR HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, INFLUENZA AND ALL PAIN—
TABLETS
Ask For A-K Tabs

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FIRE BRICK COMPANY
MANUFACTURERS OF
High Grade Fire Brick and Sewer Pipe
Yards for City Delivery
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"WHERE TO GO TO-NIGHT"
"CICARDI'S"
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Athletes—Everybody!**

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the all-year-round soft drink, both healthful and appetizing to train and gain on.

Bevo is a splendid beverage to satisfy that extravagant thirst that strenuous exercise is bound to bring. Satisfies it without any of that after-feeling of fullness that often comes with water drinking.

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When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



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When the dance-music starts (at 9 o'clock every evening except Sunday) at the Statler, you really ought to be there. Or come in after the theatre.

Tables may be reserved by telephone. Supper service a la carte.

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AMERICAN

Week Beginning SUNDAY NIGHT, OCT. 5

\$1.00 MAT. WED. NIGHTS & SAT. MAT. 25c to \$1.50

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THE GLAD PLAY

POLLYANNA

BASED ON ELEANOR PORTER'S WORLD-FAMOUS BOOK

This Week "A TAILOR-MADE MAN"

SHUBERT-JEFFERSON ST. LOUIS' LEADING PLAY HOUSE

WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY, EVE., OCT. 5th

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LEO CARRILLO in the Sensational Comedy Success
LOMBARDI, LTD.

By Frederic and Fanny Hatton

MATS: WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY NIGHTS 50c TO \$2.00
MATS. 50c TO \$1.50

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THE BEST IN VAUDEVILLE

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Mats. 15c to 50c

Eves. 25c to \$1.00

FRANK DOBSON and His 13 Sirens

Rockwell & Fox

Jas. Thompson

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MacRae & Klegg

Bradley & Ardine

GEORGE MacFARLANE

ORCHESTRA KINOGRAMS ELEVATOR

GAYETY 2 SHOWS DAILY

14th and Locust

THIS WEEK

BON TON GIRLS

Next Week—Million Dollar Dolls

The theatre world is said to be having even your grand opera stars are all in a good laugh over the recent encounter the movies, nowadays. "But I'm go-between Grand Opera Hammerstein ing to get even," retorted the impressive Motion Picture Zukor. The latter sario. "I'm having an opera written for had been bragging that the opera had Charlie Chaplin. It is to be called gone to the dogs, remarking: "Why, 'Wriggletto.'"



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"A Holiday in Dixieland," the topline feature of the Grand Opera House bill next week, is conceded to be the best colored act of its kind in vaudeville. It has a cast of twelve people headed by Will Mastin and Virgie Richards. All are stars in their respective specialties. "Honor Thy Children" is a playlet based on the advanced ideas of the American youth and is a travesty that will prove an unalloyed delight. Lillian's Comedy Dogs include bull terriers, pomeranians, fox terriers, skye terriers and some plain everyday "mutts." Other numbers will be Styne and Arnold, in "Nonsensical Nonsense"; Hinkle and May, "Catching a Car"; Robert and DeMont; Willard and Jones, songs and funny sayings; the Burtinos, artistic wire and contortion act; William Smythe, comedian; St. Louis and Animated Weeklies, Semmet and Mutt and Jeff Comedies, and Ditmar animal pictures.

The Royal Hawaiians will hold the first position on the list of offerings at the Columbia the last half of the current week, and the feature picture will be Eugene O'Brien in "The Perfect Lover." Weber, Beck and Frazer are a trio of gingery young chaps who sing vociferously. Eldridge, Barlow and Eldridge will present a highly diverting sketch entitled "The Rural Delivery." Sebastian Merrill and company will offer "Tictacs," a nonsensical military absurdity, and the Kemps will provide an amusing skit called "Matrimonial Bliss."

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



Those Pleasant Affairs

When the dance-music starts (at 9 o'clock every evening except Sunday) at the Statler, you really ought to be there. Or come in after the theatre.

Tables may be reserved by telephone. Supper service a la carte.

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AMERICAN Week Beginning SUNDAY NIGHT, OCT. 5
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THE GLAD PLAY **POLLYANNA**
BASED ON ELEANOR PORTER'S WORLD-FAMOUS BOOK
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WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY, EVE., OCT. 5th
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Orpheum 2:15—TWICE DAILY—8:15
THE BEST IN VAUDEVILLE Mats. 15c to 50c
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FRANK DOBSON and His 13 Sirens
Rockwell & Fox Jas. Thompson Friscoe MacRae & Klegg
Bradley & Ardine GEORGE MacFARLANE
ORCHESTRA KINOGRAMS ELEVATOR

GAYETY 2 SHOWS DAILY
14th and Locust
THIS WEEK
BON TON GIRLS
Next Week—Million Dollar Dolls

The theatre world is said to be having even your grand opera stars are all in a good laugh over the recent encounter the movies, nowadays. "But I'm between Grand Opera Hammerstein ing to get even," retorted the impresario and Motion Picture Zukor. The latter sario, "I'm having an opera written for had been bragging that the opera had Charlie Chaplin. It is to be called gone to the dogs, remarking: "Why, 'Wriggletto.'"



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